

THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY
FRANCIS F. BROWNE. { Volume XXII.
No. 257.

CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1897.

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THE DIAL, 315 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

No. 257. MARCH 1, 1897. Vol. XXII.

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THE REVALUATION OF LITERATURE.

Two recent numbers of "The Atlantic Monthly" have included in their contents an essay well calculated to startle the readers, especially the older readers, of that conservative magazine. The essay in question is from the pen of a new writer, and is nothing less than a frank revaluation of the work of Emerson. Discarding, as far as possible, all traditional judgments, the attempt is made to estimate, from the broader because more cosmopolitan standpoint of these latter days, and in the light of a fuller knowledge than was in the possession of an earlier generation, the value of Emerson's contribution to American thought and American literature. Some of the conclusions reached by the critic are so far at variance with those that have long been seemingly crystallized in the histories of our literature that one rubs his eyes at the iconoclastic utterances, and wonders if anything is sacred to these daring young men who are so busily engaged in bringing us new lamps to exchange for our old ones. It is not that the essay betrays animus, or is in any offensive sense an attack upon a great and cherished reputation, but rather that its writer has set about a *de novo* exposition, and has freed himself from the trammels of the conventional phrase and the conventional attitude. When we remember the indignation aroused in certain quarters less than fifteen years ago by the very qualified and cautious strictures of Matthew Arnold upon our beloved philosopher of the transcendental, it is a noteworthy sign of the times that the indigenous "Atlantic" should open its pages to an estimate of Emerson compared with which the Arnold essay marks almost the extreme of laudatory and reverent handling.

It is not our present intention to examine this newest interpretation of Emerson, or even to express any very decided opinion upon its fairness, either in detail or as a whole. We doubt, indeed, if Emerson's warmest devotees in the past have ever given full expression to their real thought, or at least to the whole of their thought, upon the subject. Their panegyric must have been accompanied by some mental reservations, for upon certain sides Emerson's mind was curiously limited, and in very obvious ways. But we may profitably seize the

occasion for the purpose of a few reflections upon the provisional character of all contemporaneous literary judgments, and upon the necessity of such revaluations as the one now in question, before anything like finality can be hoped for. Can we never know, one is apt to cry somewhat despairingly, can we never really know whether the men of our own time, who so tower above the crowd, and to whom we bring the incense of our hero worship, are in fact men of stature fit to stand among the chosen of history? We can see that they are taller than the men about them, and can we not get their figures in such perspective with the figures of other generations that we may know how they will stand in the retrospective view of our descendants? Such questions as these are constantly arising in critical minds strenuous after absolute truth, and the attempt to answer them in the affirmative is as constantly baffled.

Yet there are ways, if one will but seek them, in which our judgment of the men living in our midst may be in a measure purified and brought into rough conformity with the judgments that will be recorded by posterity. If we would escape from the error of the personal equation, we may do so in part by cultivating a tolerance of opinions not our own; if the national or racial equation be (as it nearly always is) a source of error, we may largely eliminate it by consulting the judgment of intelligent men of other nations and races. [But if we adopt the chauvinistic attitude in such matters, our case is quite hopeless. If we call all rational and balanced criticism that comes from abroad mere "condescension in foreigners,"—if, what is worse still, we reply to every adverse English or Continental comment with a childish *tu quoque*,—we simply wrap ourselves up, head and all, in the mantle of provincialism, and barter our critical birthright for a little applause from the meaner spirits of our own day and our own Little Pedlington.] There is more truth than is commonly realized in the saying that we may find a sort of contemporaneous posterity in foreign opinion. Then, to approach the problem from another point of view, we find that in nearly all the cases in which some great writer has been ignored by contemporary opinion, there have not been lacking in his own time a few clear-sighted critics who have discerned the true quality of the neglected genius. Preaching to deaf ears in their own generation, these critics have found honor in the next, and shared in the posthumous praise that has come to the poets who got scant praise while they were

alive. It may usually be found that in such unheeded utterances there is a note of conviction, a sense of absolute certainty that time will prove them to have been right. When we come upon such judgments, and realize, with our better light, how well-founded they were, we find it almost impossible to understand how they could have spent their force unechoed. We also learn that a genuine critical idea, however long may be the period of its gestation, emerges into active life in the end. Nothing could be more instructive for us, if we would escape the tyranny of the "subjective criticism" that so colors and distorts the popular judgments of every period, than a careful study of the thought of those men of the past whose intellectual habit has enabled them to anticipate the verdict of posterity; nothing could be more helpful than the endeavor to acquire something of their temper, and to transfer our standards to their objective plane.

In our age, however, the question which confronts us is the question of deciding upon relative values rather than that of discovering neglected genius. There are so many voices to-day, and so many organs of opinion, so strong a determination to let no new talent bud undetected, and so intricate a critical apparatus for the exploitation of every new literary development, that the world is far less likely than formerly to pass the strong man by, and the real critical danger lies in what has been wittily described as the "cygnification of geese." But time may be trusted to set these false classifications right, and that very speedily; while we may with equal confidence depend upon that potent agency for the readjustments and the regroupings that determine for the reputations of the hour their final stations in the pantheon of fame.

The day seems to have come to attempt some such readjustment of the positions of our older American writers, and the essay which has furnished us with our text is in this respect timely. Its very title reminds us that it is now sixty years since the traditional estimate of Emerson was given shape, and sixty years means two generations. One who follows the deeper currents of opinion can hardly fail to have observed that recent years have placed us in a more critical attitude toward the great men of our literary past, and that the old unquestioning acceptance has given place to a more searching and objective examination of their quality. As a result of this development of our critical temper, some men have gained and others have

lost. Lowell and Whittier have, we should say, gained distinctly; and Hawthorne (considering his finest work) has still better stood the test of time. On the other hand, Emerson, considering the fetichism of which he was long made the subject in certain quarters, could hardly fail to lose, just as Longfellow and Bryant have lost. The friends of Lanier have almost made good his title to a place among our major poets, while the friends of Parkman have been quite successful in securing for him the highest rank among our historians. As for the two men of genius at whose names American opinion has long looked askance, while European opinion has been lecturing us in clamorous fashion upon their greatness, we must say that the critical issue is still uncertain, with the odds rather in favor of Poe and rather against Whitman. But in these two cases, feeling is probably even yet too strong for judgment, and we shall have to wait until we get into some future generation "where beyond these voices there is peace" before we shall know the definite status of either our *enfant terrible* or our "good gray poet." For one feature of the critical reconstruction now in full swing we may all be devoutly thankful, and that is the growing tendency to break down the artificial barrier between American and "British" literature, the growing realization of the fact that, as men of essentially one blood and one speech, Englishmen and Americans are at work in the production of a common literature. Despite the occasional mouthings of literary jingoism upon both sides of the Atlantic, the lesson is now fairly well learned that the standards by which we judge a Tennyson and a Wordsworth must be the same as the standards by which we estimate the worth of a Lowell or an Emerson.

DIALECTAL SURVIVALS FROM CHAUCER.

In a former number of THE DIAL (Jan. 16, 1894) the writer took occasion to point out several dialectal forms which have survived from the English of Spenser's time, citing examples from Spenser in each case. Recently, in reading the complete works of Chaucer, notes were made of striking forms. It must, however, be remembered that in reading Chaucer one is often too much absorbed in the story to think of philology or to make notes. It is not supposed, then, that this list is complete. Taking the year 1390 as near the middle of Chaucer's period of fruitfulness, we thus go back to a time two hundred years before the publication of "The

Faery Queene," the period represented in the former article.

Some of these forms occurring in Chaucer — such as *aferd*, *contrarie*, *fiht*, *sixt*, *pore* — were discussed in the preceding paper relating to Spenser, and will receive no further notice here.

Again is often used in dialect as a preposition instead of *against*. This usage is not uncommon in Chaucer and in Middle English.

"Which is agayn your lawes reverence."

(Pr. T., 112.)

Marlowe's "Edward II." (printed 1598) furnishes the following example:

"Libels are cast again thee in the street."

So *agains*, another form of the same word, still common, occurs in Chaucer. The following quotation (Ph. T., 180-3) contains both forms:

"How that a knight, called Virginus,
Agayns the lawe, agayn al equitee,
Holdeth, expres agayn the wil of me,
My servant, which that is my thral by right."

Axe for *ask* is still common among ignorant people. It has an unbroken history from Anglo-Saxon days down to the present time. The Anglo-Saxon verb is *acsian* and *axian* as well as *asian*. In Layamon's "Brut," lines 8217-8, we have

"Yif her is ani cniht
The of Eueline axeth riht."

Langland's "Piers the Plowman," IV., 103, reads:

"Fer Mede hath made me amendes; I may namore axe."
The Wycliffe Bible employs the form often, as for example in Matthew II., 8, "Go ye, and axe ye bisill of the child." Examples abound in Chaucer:

"And for my werk right no-thing wol I axe."

(Ph. T., 24.)

A later example is: "My lady axes you, when you will take possession of your house." ("Three Ladies of London," printed 1584.) This word is no longer in good use, but is still heard in both England and America.

Bad was formerly compared *bad*, *badder*, *baddest*. For an example of the comparative, see Chaucer's "Squieres Tale," line 224:

"They demen gladly to the badder ende."

For an example of later date (about 1664) see Henry More's "Mystery of Iniquity," "It will bring in a Principle of badder consequence." I do not remember to have heard *badder* used otherwise than humorously.

Fer of the Middle English (Mod. Eng. *far*), used both adjectively and adverbially, may be mentioned here as the ancestor of our *far*, careless pronunciation for *far*. In the following it is used as an adjective:

"Fer ben thy freendes at thy grete nede!"
(M. of L. T., 560.)

and in the following as an adverb:

"Til finally she gan so fer espye."

(Pr. T., 139.)

It is compared *fer*, *ferre*, *ferreste*. An example of the superlative from Chaucer is:

"The ferreste in his pariauh, muche and lyte."

(Prol., 494.)

For to with the infinitive is common in Chaucer:

"Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strange strondes."
(*Prol.* 12, 13.)

Compare "Hamlet," III., I., 175:

"Which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down."

and the King James Bible, "What went ye out for to see?" retained in the Revised Version. The refrain in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," is

"Coming for to carry me home."

Gret for *great* is a mispronunciation sometimes heard. Compare Chaucer:

"And therfor god gret wroche upon him sente."
(*Monkes T.*, 223.)

"A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was."
(*Prol.*, 197.)

"Her gretteste ooth was but by seynt Loy."
(*Prol.*, 120.)

The use of *guess* in the sense of *suppose*, *think*, *judge*, is now considered objectionable. This was the usual meaning of the word in Chaucer's time:

"Of twenty year of age he was, I gesso."
(*Prol.*, 82.)

and it retained this meaning down to a recent date. Here is an example from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," III., II.: "Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?"

He is used as a substantive in the following passage:

"And nat so sone departed nas
That he fro him." (*H. of F.*, 2068-9.)

As also in Shakespeare; for example:

"Ill bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua."
(*T. of the S.*, III., II., 236.)

The evolution of the meaning of *heap* is interesting. In Anglo-Saxon it meant a *multitude*, *crowd*, as in "Elene," 549:

"Tha cwom thegna heap
To tham heremethle."

(Then came a multitude of men (a heap of thanes) to the people's assembly.)

In Chaucer (*Prol.*, 575) we have

"The wisdom of an heap of learned men."

and in Shakespeare (*King H. V.*, IV., V., 18):

"Let us in heape go offer up our lives
[Unto these English, or else die with fame.]"

Later we find the meanings of a *great many*, a *large number*, a *large quantity*; and at present a *pile*, a *mass*. Colloquially the word has at present the meaning a *great many*, *great deal*, *much*. It is even said to be a synonym for *very*, but I have never heard it in that sense.

Help, used as past tense and past participle of *help*, is from the Anglo-Saxon *holpen*, past participle of the verb *helpan*. From the past participle it came to be used as the past tense also.

"Now voucheth sauf that I may you devyse
How that I may been holpe and in what wyse."
(*Frk. T.*, 315-6.)

It occurs not infrequently in Shakespeare:

"Let him thank me that help to send him thither."
(*Rich. III.*, I., II., 107.)

And so in modern dialect; for example, "Brer B'ar, he help Miss Meadows bring the wood" ("Uncle Remus," 112). Tennyson uses the form several times, as in "Guinevere," 45:

"So Sir Lancelot help
To raise the Prince, who rising twice or thrice
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went."

The *l* is omitted as I have heard the word pronounced, that is, it is pronounced exactly as *hope*. I have even heard *help* called *hep*.

Learn is used once in Chaucer for *teach*. See "The Chanouns Yemannes Tale," line 195:

"Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk,"

that is, taught by a clerk. It was more frequently so used by Shakespeare:

"Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match."
(*R. and J.*, III., II., 12.)

The mistake is common enough now.

Lever (comparative of *lief*, A.-S., *leof*) was frequently used by Chaucer:

"He hadde lever him-self to mordre and dye
Than that men shulde a lover him espye."
(*L. of G. W.*, 1536-7.)

The following example is from Spenser (*F. Q.*, I., IX., 32, 9):

"For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

In late English *rather* with *had* has taken the place of *lever*. I am not sure that I have heard the form used other than humorously. Tennyson often employs the form *liefer*; for example:

"Far liefer by his dear hand had I die."
(*G. and E.*, 68.)

Set is often confused in modern English with *sit*. In Chaucerian English *seten* was the past participle of *sitten*. Compare "Legend of Good Women," 1109:

"And with the queene whan that he had sete."

Langland uses the form in the past tense (*P. P.*, XIII., 98):

"And I sete stille, as pacience seyde."

Squire is a square, a carpenter's tool, in the following quotation:

"Now, Thomas, leve brother, lef thyn ire;
Thou shalt me finde as just as is a squire."
(*Son. T.*, 381-2.)

And in Spenser's "Faery Queene," II., I., 58, 1-2:

"'But Temperance,' said he, 'with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane.'"

And in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," IV., IV., 348:

"One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire."

I have heard the instrument so called.

One sometimes hears *sistren* from ignorant people, especially in connection with *brethren*, "brethren and sistren." Compare Langland (*P. P.*, V., 627):

"And there aren sevene sustren that serven treuthe evere."

And Chaucer (*H. of F.*, 1401):

"And hir eighte sustren eke,
That in hir face semen meke."

Tother (the *tother* — that other) was not uncommon in Middle English:

"He shal not rightfully his yre wreke
Or he have herd the tother party speke."

(*L. of G. W.*, 324-5).

"But if any smyte thee in the right cheke, schewe to him
also the tothir." (*Wycliffe, Mat.*, V., 30.)

Whatsomever is found in the "Romaunt of the
Rose," line 5041 (the authorship need not concern
us here):

"But what-som-ever wo they fele,
They wol not playne, but concele."

Compare James VI. of Scotland (afterwards James
I. of England), "Revlis and Cavtelis of Se. Poesie,"
III.:

"And finally, quhatsumever be your subject, to use vocabula
artis, quhairby ze may the mair vivelis represent that per-
son, quhais pairt ze paint out."

The following example is from "Uncle Remus," 64:
"Brer Rabbit aint see no peace w'atsomever."

Wrastle is old. Compare Layamon (*Brut*,
1871-2):

"Ther was muchel fele
At thore wrastlinge."

And Chaucer (*Prolog.*, 547-8):

"That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram."

And Shakespeare (*A. Y. L. I.*, I., 1): "Was not
Charles, the duke's wrastler, here to speak with me?"

Year is often found in Chaucer with the same
form for the plural as for the singular. The Anglo-
Saxon neuter *gear* had the same form in the nomi-
native plural as in the nominative singular, just as
had the words for *deer*, *sheep*, and *swine*. These
latter words have come on down to us with no dis-
tinction of number, whereas *year* has taken the *s*
of the masculine to form its plural. Compare Lay-
amon (*Brut*, 301-2):

"He was fiftene yer old
Tha he to wode ferde."

And Chaucer (*Prolog.*, 601):

"Sin that his lord was twenty year of age."

See also the example quoted above under *guess*.
Compare also Shakespeare (*Temp.*, I., II., 53):

"Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power."

The clown in "Hamlet" (V., I.) also uses this form:
"He will last you some eight year or nine year; a
tanner will last you nine year."

In conclusion may be mentioned three proper
names which have, besides the usual pronunciation,
an abbreviated one, as is shown by the meter such as
is now heard colloquially. *Antony* is reduced to
Ant'ny, as in "Legend of Good Women," 657:

"And when that Antony saw that aventure."

As also in Shakespeare. *Caunterbury* is pronounced
Caunterb'ry, as in the "Prologue," line 22:

"Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage."

Jerusalem is apparently reduced to *Jrusalem* in
the "Prologue," line 463:

"And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem."

CALVIN S. BROWN.

COMMUNICATION.

DEMOCRATIC CRITICISM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The reference by Mr. Cook to Matthew Arnold and
his critical principles, in your issue of February 1, re-
minds me of the remark made by Mr. Arnold, when, on
a visit to Boston, he was asked if he knew Whitman.
With languid drawl, slow-rising eyebrows, and hardly
concealed scorn, he answered: "No, I do not read his
works. But what does Longfellow think of him?" If
he had been told what Thoreau said of Whitman, "He
is Democracy," would he not have repeated the com-
ment of Alfred Austin: "I really think he is Democ-
racy; being, like it, ignorant, sanguine, noisy, coarse,
and chaotic"? There is something pathetic in the inca-
pacity of these and other critics of an aristocratic cul-
ture to deal either with Whitman or the world-forces
playing in and through him. Mr. Arnold treated Amer-
ica with persistent and varied scorn. To the signifi-
cance of democracy he was insensible; its vision was
denied him. He is confessedly the critic of the past,
the spokesman of the feudal world that is "dirged by
Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme."

The issue of this discussion of Whitman is, I submit,
just at this point. Are aristocratic or democratic modes
of criticism to prevail in the New World? Are we to
form our methods on the lines of a culture that is nar-
row, intellectual, exclusive, or of a culture that is com-
prehensive, social, inclusive? The tendency of modern
criticism, under the combined influences of science and
democracy, is to substitute relative for absolute stand-
ards and the personal for the impersonal point of view.
Aristocratic criticism estimates literary values according
to absolute standards. Scientific criticism is content
with description, interpretation, and the study of the
progress of ideals. Democratic criticism records a per-
sonal experience. The one starts from an objective
form, the second from an objective content, the third
from a subjective effect. The end of the one is "good
taste"; of the second, knowledge; of the third, charac-
ter. The significance of Mr. Burroughs's study of
Whitman is that it is genuine democratic criticism; it
is the record of a vital experience, the statement of an
enthusiasm and a passion. It has heart, and the words
burn; it has head, and the thoughts strike.

The limitations of the relative and the subjective are
to be overcome, not by restricting the personal view, but
by its extension. Democratic criticism is firmly based on
character. That is best in art which is best to the best
person. The best person is the one with the widest
aesthetic field. The problem of sanity and permanency
in critical judgment is solved by making an absolutely
inclusive critic. The content of another of my critics,
Mr. Watson, to limit his field of possible pleasures, is
deplorable. Democracy arrives at its result not by nar-
rowing the interest but by expansion of sympathy till
the individual includes the multitude. Given an abound-
ing personality, it is as easy to live in balance on the
circumference of a circle as at the bounded centre. The
insanity of an "extreme Whitmanite" is to be corrected
by seeking madness—if you will have it so—in a hun-
dred other directions. Balance Whitman's heat by
Emerson's ice. Professor Cook is right in living in the
whole of literature; but let him not carp at enthusiasm
and power. He has read Mr. Burroughs to little effect
if he is not aware of his capacity to respond to myriad
appeals. The theory of the "sponge" is not so simple

as it appears. Said Balaustion, an ideal critic of the democratic type, "Poetry is a power that makes." It is a power that energizes, so transmuting the reader that he shares the poet's privilege and brings forth new good and beauty. To be a "sponge" is to be alive in every faculty, to have the greatest possible total of ideal activity—the fullest sensory experience, the most comprehensive intellect, the warmest emotions, the most vivid imagination, the freest play of the creative will. It is to be capable of inspiration, of receiving the whole of life that art affords. Democratic criticism takes for its function the exploitation of the theory of the "sponge" in just such books as Mr. Burroughs has written.

Mr. Watson asks, "Why shall we not remain critical when we read 'Leaves of Grass' as much as when we read 'Paradise Lost'?" For the reason that to remain critical (in Mr. Watson's sense) is to remain on the outside of "Leaves of Grass." This is the most human book in the world—it is almost pure personality. It radiates love and adds to the being. John Addington Symonds spoke of his inability to treat critically a book whose essence had entered into the very fibre of his being. "In Whitman," says Professor Cook, "the object becomes one with the thinker, in Shakespeare the thinker becomes one with the object." This simply describes a difference in method and is a disparagement of neither. Whitman was a transcendental philosopher, Shakespeare was not. It was Whitman's purpose to fuse the objects of the universe with himself and through himself with his readers; or, as he expresses it—

"To compact you, ye parted diverse lives,

To put rapport the mountains and rocks and streams

And the winds of the north, and the forests of oak and pine,
With you O soul."

In an early review of his poems their method is clearly described: "He never presents for perusal a poem ready made on the old models, and ending when you come to the end of it; but every sentence and every passage tells of an interior not always seen, and exudes an impalpable something which sticks to him that reads and provokes him to tread the half-invisible road, where the poet, like an apparition, is standing fearlessly before. If Walt Whitman's premises are true, then there is a subtler range of poetry than that of the grandeur of acts and events as in Homer, or of character as in Shakespeare. It is the direct bringing of occurrences and persons and things to bear on the listener or beholder, to reappear through him or her; and it offers the best way of making them a part of him or her as the right aim of the greatest poet." This is but another statement of the theory of the "sponge." Mr. Burroughs is the only one thus far who has completed and published the interior poem. Whitman's works cannot be made to operate to any other end than that for which they were designed. Whether Whitman is superhuman, or only human, is outside the discussion. The necessity of absorption does not inhere in the nature of the man but of the method. Like Emerson and other interior men, Whitman is protected from misconceptions by the mode in which he has embodied himself in form. One open eye is worth all the closed eyes in the world.

It was not my function to review Mr. Donaldson's book. I do not object to it for what it is not, but for what it is. Mr. Harper ought now to publish a treatise by Mr. Watson, and another by the writer of the scurrilous reviews on Whitman for "The Nation."

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

The University of Chicago, Feb. 20, 1897.

The New Books.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERARY HISTORY.*

IN THE DIAL for March 1, 1896, we reviewed at length the initial volume of Dr. Nicoll's "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," and set forth the aim and scope of the projected series of six volumes. Volume II. is now at hand, and it sustains the fair promise of its predecessor. The *pièce de résistance* of the book is ostensibly the section entitled "The Building of the Idylls." This chapter deals exhaustively with the development of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and embodies descriptions of "Eneid and Nimue" (1857), "The True and the False" (1859), "The Last Tournament" (1871), and other Tennysonian "trial books," particulars of which have not heretofore been satisfactorily recorded. Few students, perhaps, have realized the extent to which the late Laureate altered, re-wrote, and re-cast the various portions of his masterwork—latterly with the intent of welding the several separate Idylls into coherent epic form. Another section of considerable bibliographic interest is that headed "A Contribution to the Bibliography of the Writings of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Many of Mr. Swinburne's poems and essays have been printed in short numbers and in pamphlet form, and some of these separate prints are of extraordinary scarcity. At least one of them, "Siena," has been reproduced in an unauthorized way, and copies of the reprint have been fraudulently sold as examples of the original issue. The usefulness to students and collectors of this carefully compiled list is obvious. Besides the titles cited above, the volume contains: "Three Letters Concerning Ruskin's 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,' by the Rev. F. D. Maurice," together with an Introductory Note by Dr. Furnivall and extracts from letters of Mr. Ruskin touching the discussion; "The Adventures of Ernest Alembert," a fairy tale written at fifteen by Charlotte Brontë; "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and her scarcer Books"—including descriptions of "The Battle of Marathon" (1820), "An Essay on Mind, with Other Poems" (1826), "Prometheus Bound, Translated from the Greek of Æschylus, and Other Poems" (1833), "Poems" (2 vols.,

* LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Contributions toward a Literary History of the Period. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., and T. J. Wise. Volume II. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

1844), "Sonnets" (From the Portuguese, 1847), "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" (1849); "A Disentangled Essay" on Carlyle (disengaged portions of an essay written jointly by R. H. Horne and Mrs. Browning for Horne's "A New Spirit of the Age"); "Mrs. Browning's Religious Opinions," as expressed in three letters to William Merry, Esq.; "Two Poetical Epistles" (heretofore unpublished) by Crabbe; a laudatory review of George Meredith's "The Shaving of Shagpat," written by George Eliot for the "Leader," Jan. 5, 1856; "An Open Letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson," by W. S. Landor, a brochure called forth by Emerson's rather blunt comments on the "Grand Old Pagan" in his "English Traits"; "John Keats: Addition and Subtraction"; "The Angel in the House," a sketch of Mrs. Coventry Patmore — a gracious, serenely beautiful lady, of whom, it may be remembered, Mrs. Carlyle kindly said that "she was always trying to look like a medalion"; a description of and extracts from "An Old Commonplace Book of Edward Fitzgerald's"; a brief account of a singular humorist, William Cory, an Eton master and author of "Ionica"; "The Suppressed Works of Rudyard Kipling" — mainly passages from a little volume of selections from Mr. Kipling's early contributions to Indian Journalism, entitled "Letters of Marque" (the book circulated for some weeks in India, and was suppressed by the author as too immature); a letter (1893) from Mr. Philip James Bailey, in which the author of "Festus" energetically repudiates the title of "father of the Spasmodic School"; "Tennysonianism," consisting of personal recollections of the poet and his family, together with some particulars of his dealings with his publishers, and a letter from Mr. J. W. D'Albeville (reprinted from the "Bookman" of December, 1892) regarding the origin of "Rizpah." The volume closes with thirty odd pages of *ana*, wherein the reader may find recorded many interesting scraps of literary memorabilia and curiosities of literary opinion. Emerson fares rather ill in this section. We find, for instance, Mr. Ruskin saying of him, in a letter addressed to Alexander Ireland (1883), "I have never cared much for Emerson, he is little more to me than a clever gossip, and his egotism reiterates itself to provocation"; while Mr. John Morley is recorded as having said, in a youthful lecture on "Reading" and *apropos* of a class of readers whose only "object is to drench the mind in a certain quantity of words," that

for these there is "no more benefit to be derived from Bacon or Shakespeare than from Martin Tupper or *Ralph Waldo Emerson*." Strange collocation! How far the author of this precious dictum grew away in riper years from his juvenile estimate of Emerson, the readers of his admirable *Miscellanies* know. Among the *ana* we note some interesting epistolary scraps by George Eliot. The following, concerning marriage, was written to an early school friend in 1845:

"What should you say to my becoming a wife? Should you think it a duty to ascertain the name of the rash man that you might warn him from putting on such a matrimonial hair-shirt as he would have with me? I did meditate an engagement, but I have determined, whether wisely or not I cannot tell, to defer it, at least for the present. My health is not of the strongest — dreadful headaches come now and then to me as well as to the rest of mankind, but idleness is my chief disease, and my most salutary medicine the exhortation, 'Work while it is day.' I and my father go on living and loving together as usual, and it is my chief source of happiness to know that I form one item of his. . . . Perhaps you would find some symptoms of age creeping over me if you were with me now, and you would accuse me of being too old for five-and-twenty, which is a sufficiently venerable sum of years in the calendar of young ladies generally. But I can laugh and love and fall into a fit of enthusiasm still, so there is some of the youthful sap left."

A letter (1840) from Carlyle to the editor of the "Dumfries Herald," touching the reviews of his "French Revolution," contains a passage in vigorous Carlylese that is worth quoting:

"You spoke rightly of my Edinburgh Reviewer; a dry, sceptical, mechanical lawyer (one Merivale, I hear), with his satchel of Dictionaries dangling at his back — with the heart of him torpid or dead, and the head of him consequently not alive. His notion of Robespierre's 'religion' struck me, as it does you, as the product of a heart dead. Kill the heart rightly, no head then knows rightly *what* to believe; has then any right sense of true and false left in it! . . . But it does not equal a third thing which I found in that article, which I wonder no Iconoclast, radical or other, took note of; this namely: that 'hunger' is universal, perennial and irremediable among the lower classes of society — unknown only among the horses and domestic animals; that enlightened and liberal government means a judicious combining of those who are not hungry to suppress those who are, and lock them up from revolting! 'The pigs are to die, no conceivable help for that; but we, by God's blessing, will at least keep down their squealing!' It struck me as the most infernal proposition, written down in that cold way, I had ever had presented to me in human language — unattended with its fit corollary, the duty of 'universal simultaneous suicide,' and a giving up of this God's creation on the part of Adam's race as a bad job!"

Passing to "Tennysonianism," we find some pleasant jottings by Mr. Robert Roberts. In an interview ten years ago with the aged Parish

Clerk of Bag Enderby, Mr. Roberts asked his interlocutor if he could remember anything about Tennyson.

"'Tennyson,' said he. 'D'ya meän tha owd doctor?' Said I, 'Not the doctor particularly, but any of the Tennyson family.' He replied, 'Tha doctor was a fine owd gentleman. I remember on 'im dying. It's a strange long time ago, an' he's in a fine big tomb agein the church.' I asked, 'Do you remember any of the family, any of the sons — Charles or Alfred?' He began to think, stared vacantly, and as the past dimly rose before him, said, 'Y-e-e-s, I do remember Muster Halfred, sewer-ly; he was alus walkin' about tha lanes and closins wi' a book in 'is 'and; but when he grew up he worst at 'oäim much; assiver he went up to Lunnon or some big place, and when he yeust ta cum 'oäim for a bit one o' tha servants told me he yeust ta goi upstairs in a top room, an' 'ang a mat ower 'is doäir. I doant kna' what fur, but they said he did n't want ta 'ear noi noise.'"

The principal facts as to "Muster Halfred" gathered from other villagers amounted to the one that "'e wur always dawdlin' about wi' a book," whereas, according to local notions, such a young fellow ought normally to have been rabbiting or rat-baiting, or indulging in some other sport suitable to his years and station. Very different, as we remember, from these bucolic memories of young Tennyson were those once gathered in a similar way of Keats — one rustic witness, when severely cross-questioned by a fair votary of the poet, managing to fish up from the depths of a reluctant memory the discouraging fact that "Muster Keats 'e wur fond o' fightin', an' wur a main 'and at punchin' 'eds." As Keats's readiness to resort to nature's weapons was proverbial, the description was probably pretty accurate.

Mr. Roberts was the fortunate owner of one of Tennyson's earliest productions — a tale written by him when a boy, and seemingly under the joint inspiration of Fenimore Cooper and G. P. R. James. It consisted of a half-dozen octavo leaves, cased in brown wrapping paper, with the title, "Mungo the American," written in a hand suggestive of pot-hooks and hangers, on the cover. At the foot of the leaf was inscribed the name of the "publishers," Longman & Co.! Says Mr. Roberts:

"It is many years since I glanced through it, and therefore my recollection is somewhat misty, but plot there was none; it was merely an incident, and related how Mungo was traversing the mighty Prairie and lost his sword (a rather unusual thing one would think). He wandered about in great agitation, searching for it amid poetical surroundings, but all in vain. A considerable time elapsed, and again Mungo was journeying in a wide waste land, when he espied a hut, toward which he hastened for guidance or for water. As he stood in the doorway, he beheld his sword hanging upon the opposite

wall. He started but recovered himself, and asked the solitary inhabitant where he obtained that sword. The answer did not prove satisfactory; or, as this was long anterior to the advent of the modern 'interviewer,' Mungo's question was naturally resented as an unwarrantable intrusion into the privacy of domestic life. But, whatever the cause, there ensued a short and sharp conflict — the sudden crack of a pistol, 'alarums and excursions'; finally Mungo snatched the weapon from its place and 'slew him with the sword.' So he regained possession of his long-lost trusty blade. The sun set: or threw his slanting beams over the prairie — or something of that sort — as Mungo departed from the scene of the fray."

Another contributor to Tennysonianism has some pleasant things to say of the laureate's mother — a tiny woman of dainty, fairy-like mould, who used to speak with pride of her "thirty-six feet of sons." A marked characteristic of Mrs. Tennyson was the impartial loyalty with which she stood by all her children. When an enthusiastic hero-worshipper once said to her, "How proud you must be of Alfred!" the gentle lady thoughtfully replied: "Yes; but Charles and Frederick have written very beautiful verses too."

An extract from Dr. Furnivall's pleasant account of his first meeting with Mr. Ruskin, at an "At Home" at the house of a London friend in 1848, may serve as a fitting close to our quotations. We preserve the writer's Landorian orthography:

"After a short chat with the wife, I saw the door open, and John Ruskin walkt softly in. I sprang up to take the outstretched hand, and then there began a friendship which was for many years the chief joy of my life. Ruskin was a tall slight fellow, whose piercing frank blue eye lookt through you and drew you to him. A fair man, with rough light hair, in a dark-blue frock coat with velvet collar, bright Oxford blue stock, black trousers and patent slippers — how vivid he is to me still! The only blemish in his face was the lower lip, which protruded somewhat: he had been bitten there by a dog in his early youth. But you ceast to notice this as soon as he began to talk. I never met any man whose charm of manner at all approacht Ruskin's. Partly feminine it was, no doubt; but the delicacy, the sympathy, the gentleness and affectionateness of his way, the fresh and penetrating things he said, the boyish fun, the earnestness, the interest he showd in all deep matters, combined to make a whole which I have never seen equalled. Association with Ruskin was a continual delight. And when one got him to show his Turners to charming women like Mrs. Wm. Cowper . . . and the like, it was indeed a pleasure to see him and them; the pictures had on those days fresh color and fresh light."

Dr. Nicoll's work thus far bids fair to equal in freshness, variety, and intrinsic worth of matter his well-known "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," the exemplar of the present series. The bibliographic element is of special value; and while one or two of the sections — for instance, the sketch of Cory and

the extracts from Fitzgerald's Common-Place Book — seem relatively of rather slender interest, there is nothing in the volume absolutely suggestive of padding. The facsimiles of holographs and the reproductions of rare title-pages, etc., are interesting and well chosen. Of the one thousand copies of the work to be printed, two hundred and fifty are for America; and these will doubtless promptly find their way to the shelves of lovers of literary rarities.

E. G. J.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPE.*

The author of "The Historical Development of Modern Europe" remarks in his preface:

"There are two methods of writing the history of Europe since 1815, one or the other of which will be employed according to the purposes of the writer. The first of these is to treat events more or less chronologically, by passing from country to country, from national to international affairs, not so much with regard to continuity of treatment and unity of subject as from a desire to keep the history of all the European states at a constant level. . . . A different method [is] that of treating separate movements and subjects — such as the European political system, the Restoration in France, the July Monarchy, the liberal movement in Germany, — as logical wholes, carrying each forward to its issues before turning to others."

The latter impression is left upon the reader's mind, as the present review may show, in the case of Professor Andrews's work. He gets view of events in cycles; certain similar purposes actuate men everywhere, producing similar results in countries often remotely apart. The unity of Europe's political life in this century, its continuity and the close relation of the history of the separate states, are realized.

The Nineteenth Century began in 1789. Its history is the history of the development of what was creative in the French Revolution. The French Revolution was more than French. It was universal. It gave the death-blow to feudalism; substituted equal justice for privilege; the national idea for monarchic, feudal, and ecclesiastical forms of government. The tide of popular right broke over the middle walls of class antagonism, as waves over a sea-wall. When the people of Europe realized that Napoleon's heel was treading down the free ideas in government and society upon which he himself had been raised to power, then the people burst the bonds with which he sought to

bind them. The people did the work. But the governments took the credit unto themselves. Outwardly, after 1815, the old lines were restored as much as possible, for governments are conservative. Yet beneath were the great coils of things intense, elemental, national, which the spirit of revolution had waked to perish never.

The Vienna Congress cheated the people out of almost everything for which they had poured out their blood and treasure. If the settlement suited the potentates, what matter to the people? "People" was a sinister word to them, too suggestive of the hot days of '89. Under the parole of "legitimacy" — the coinage of Talleyrand's fertile brain — the powers of Europe *fabricated* the states of Europe. In this continental gerrymander, historical antecedents, language, religion, race, were all disregarded. Apportionment was by population and taxability. Ecclesiastical states having more immunity than others, Austria and Bavaria quarrelled. Alsace and Lorraine could not be restored to Germany. Even Gentz, the publicist, thought Prussia narrow-minded to want it. The future was to prove that Germany and all Europe would have profited by the restoration. Germany lost Metz and Strasburg, while Russia gained Odessa. Poland was given to Russia. Saxony, for its betrayal of the Empire, was halved to Prussia's advantage. Norway was forced to stay by Sweden, although it and Denmark had more in common; while German Schleswig-Holstein was wrested from Germany and saddled upon Denmark. Belgium and Holland were united, though the union was as full of explosive possibilities as a mixture of saltpetre and charcoal. Austria resumed sway over Lombardy, and a suzerainty, through its ducal houses, over the most of Italy. Thus was the seed of revolution ingeniously planted by the sovereigns who thought thus to secure their thrones. The germs of three wars and many more revolutions were in the arrangement; and the end is not yet.

Germany fared worst, and Austria best. Metternich had the advantage of being clear in his own mind. He dextrously made use of the jealousy of the smaller states of one another and their greater jealousy of Prussia. The latter favored a national federation, but her statesmen had not yet breadth of vision enough to see that her greatness lay in the divorce of Germany and Austria. It remained for Bismarck to see that. Prussia was unwilling to see the empire revamped for Austria's glory, but her unsettled purposes ruined Prussia's

*THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPE, from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time. Volume I., 1815-50. By Charles M. Andrews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

present chances. But the Austrian minister's ambition to make Austria first, overleaped itself. He did not see that in the reduction of Prussia to a subordinate place in the Confederation, he had put a drag upon Austria too.

The history of Europe for the next generation was to be an effort to undo the wrong of 1815. The most political life upon the continent was in France. Not that that life was recognized in law; it was there in fact. The national pride was not exhausted. On the contrary, the sting to French pride by the spectacle of a government imposed by the sword — and that too of a foreigner, at least so far as sympathy with the new spirit of France was concerned, — quickened the nation's sensibilities. Hitherto France's government had been of her own making: even the Terror and the Cæsarism of Napoleon. The Bourbon Restoration was not thus. Yet it had to be so. There were no positive elements in France upon which to build. The Revolution had been mainly a destructive force. When Napoleon was gone, there were only the remnants of former parties jealous of one another and unable to unite upon any policy. Hence a government had to be imported — a government sure of its seat only so long as the negative elements failed to combine.

Light for New Europe gleamed — and there faintly — in England. Even across the channel, reaction prevailed. Suspension of the right of *habeas corpus*, censorship of the press, gag-laws, propped a Tory régime. But England's was a government of law. England was the hearth of constitutional liberty. Her people were intelligent, and would have been thrifty if they could have had the chance. Moreover, the land had never felt Napoleon's heel. There was no hope for the association of England and France, however, for a Bourbon could not strike hands with a Briton without compromising his position, without acknowledging the supremacy of the law; and Louis XVIII., in ignoring the constitution of the provisional government and substituting one of his own, had practically affirmed that he owned the crown and the nation too. Talleyrand's fall in the autumn of 1815 prevented any possibility of French and English affiliation. Richelieu was honest, but a man of little talent. The real control of the government's policy was in the hands of the Count d'Artois, an ultra-royalist. The Chamber of Deputies was so royalistic that it was impossible to find any other sort of man. Europe stood amazed at the spectacle of an ultra-royalistic crown and

cabinet assailed by a body of representatives because the executive was not royalistic enough! The 21st of January, the anniversary of Louis XVI.'s execution, was made a memorial day. The legislature passed a set of laws of which it was said that "one half France may arrest the other half and try it before an extraordinary court." The Jesuits were restored, schools put under church control, mortmain renewed, the *émigrés* were brought back and reimbursed at enormous expenditure. In the face of such reactionary zeal Europe felt safe in withdrawing the army of occupation in 1818. The next election proved the artificial expression France had worn. The Liberals got twenty-three of the fifty-five seats, among them being Lafayette. Richelieu resigned. Decazes, a moderate royalist, succeeded. The mixture of parties was complex and peculiar. An element headed by Guizot held that the Liberals would be too liberal, and that they — the so-called Doctrinaires — would be called upon to take the government. Thus the Liberals were the real Doctrinaires, and the so-called Doctrinaires were the party of practical politics. The fact that no one of the parties, however, had a positive programme was a danger to France.

In Germany, the people had fallen back into the depths, spent and exhausted, after the War of Liberation. The nation had risen above itself: its fall was the greater. Moreover, the settlement of 1815 had left no most powerful state to take the lead. Austria and Prussia were balanced, and particularism reigned everywhere. Again, the mind of Germany was not adapted to grasp political ideas and give them concrete manifestation in institutions. The exaltation of 1813 remained as a mental quality when political life was in the depths. Sentiment and imagination — Romanticism — reigned. What Germany needed was force, rude physical force, to shake it from its trance. The policy of "blood and iron" had to come. The salvation of Germany lay with Prussia, but as yet she knew not her mission. But if Prussia had no clear political policy, the Zollverein inspired by her was to give Germany a germ of economic unity destined to become political in character. The weakest point in Prussia, however, was the fact that by her development she was absolute in law, in thinking, in training; hence her conduct depended in largest part upon the character of her sovereign, and he was weak.

Curiously enough, though, the first real blow to this rigid and reactionary condition of things

was to come through events in Spain, just as the first resistance which Napoleon could not crush was also found in Spain. In Spain, Ferdinand VII., as infamous a king as ever sat upon a throne—a seat restored to him by the Holy Alliance—had restored the old things to such a degree that even the Inquisition was reestablished. Spain was too dead to respond, too craven to protest. What in a living state is a public calamity—outside intervention—in Spain's case alone could prevail. Spanish despotism naturally had nothing in common with English reign of law. Yet it was England that was to make her influence felt in the peninsula. The event which brought this about was the revolt of the South American colonies. Spain demanded that as Europe had crushed the spirit of '89, so now it should unite to crush the rising revolution across sea; in other words, that the principles of the Holy Alliance be applied in South America. This reaction, as a world-comprising idea, alarmed Great Britain. Meanwhile, the fire of revolution leaped to Italy and Greece. In France, the murder of the Duke of Berry, the sole representative of the Bourbon family apart from the king, produced renewed reaction, and an ultra-royalist ministry came into power. Villèle determined to succor Spain, partly to sustain the principle of "legitimacy," partly to divert the excited passions of the French from the consideration of matters at home, partly to restore national prestige, always military in its expression. While Austria crushed Italy, Angoulême, on the 27th of March, 1823, entered Spain. England was too cautious to interfere directly. Canning had no mind to expend money and men in support of so uncertain a thing as Spanish liberalism. But the indirect blow he delivered Spain and the Holy Alliance was more positive than armed intervention could have been. By a stroke of his pen, the British government recognized the revolted Spanish-American republics. That act of renunciation of the existing political principles of Europe isolated Great Britain. The European constellation was broken. It was the first successful protest against Metternichism. The restoration of Ferdinand was a success on the surface only. The spectacle of such a ruler as Ferdinand VII. reigning "by the grace of God" shocked the sense of Europe. The Greek Revolution accentuated this just horror. Turkish atrocities and Greece's heroic struggle awakened unbounded sympathy. Conquest of Greece at last became impossible. Vienna and St. Petersburg disagreed upon what should be

done with Greece. Russia could not hope to acquire Turkey yet, and therefore proposed a number of half-sovereign states under Ottoman suzerainty. Metternich opposed such a creation, as it would weaken Turkey and give opportunity for Russian interference. From this time Austria and Prussia parted. The Holy Alliance had carried in its own bosom the weapons of its own destruction. What was left of it was shot to pieces at Navarino. Austria's prestige was tarnished. Prussia's economic policy was paving the way for constructive statesmanship. Peel and Grey and Goderich in England were leading reform measures. Already the globe was cracked. In the Revolution of 1830 in France, in the cleavage between Belgium and Holland, in the Reform Bill of 1832, the people emerged. The force that had lain dormant and crushed was raised up. The people were raw and crude but genuine. They rose from their narcotized slumber of nearly twenty years and rubbed the sleep from their eyes.

The next eighteen years was to be a transition period—a period of oscillation between the governments and the people. Things were most stable in England, most unstable in France. In Germany liberalism was on the increase, Metternichism on the decline. The influence of the personal character of Prussia's ruler was to hinder German development until the regent succeeded as King William I. in 1862. But the revolution of 1848 was decisive for Europe. Two centres remained out of the old despotism, "the camp of Austria's army and the court of Russia." Race divisions in Austro-Hungary, political complications in Germany, lack of efficient leadership in Italy, defeated successful revolutions there. But the "Wonderful Days" of '48 were not a mirage nor a haze upon the horizon. "The effects were not lost. Things which had been visions became realities. Political interest and new life were aroused. The Revolution gave a vivid sense of unity to both Italy and Germany. It frightened governments, liberalized their policy, by showing how insecure was their foundations. It showed the people their weakness, the danger of race prejudices, and the futility of the revolutionary and radical methods. It brought to the front as leaders of unity and liberalism men of greater diplomatic and administrative ability. Already are Bismarck, Cavour, and Deák prominent in their respective places."

If the second volume of "The Historical Development of Modern Europe" tells of the

completion of the processes sketched in this review — of Bismarck's "blood and iron," of Cavour's tireless endeavors for a free and united Italy, of Hungary's struggle for recognition — in so interesting a way as this first volume has told us of the beginnings of the century, the reading public which is fond of contemporary history will watch and wait its appearance with impatience.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

"THE ARCH-AMATEUR OF ALL HISTORY."*

Author, naval commander, diplomatist, philosopher, mystic, — all of these, and more, was Sir Kenelm Digby. His epitaph proclaims him

"Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise;
This age's wonder for his noble parts,
Skilled in six tongues and learned in all the arts."

Lord Clarendon said of him: "He was a man of a very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful graceful behaviour, a flowing courtesy and civility, and such a volubility of language as surprised and delighted." Henry Stubbes called him "the very Pliny of our age for lying"; his contemporaries agreed in their admiration of his varied accomplishments and brilliant conversational powers; and his latest biographer, in his final estimate of the man, characterizes him as a gifted amateur, "perhaps the arch-amateur of all history."

An interesting character he certainly was, and the present life of him, by "one of his descendants," is very good reading indeed. The brief and modest preface predisposes one in the author's favor. The lack of any satisfactory biography of Digby is pointed out, and the hope expressed that if the present attempt to supply one shall prove a failure, it may yet stimulate some "able writer, languishing for want of a subject, to produce a really brilliant biography of Sir Kenelm Digby."

A foot-note tells us that Digby was born in 1603, although in the body of the book (p. 129) we read that certain things happened in 1624, "when he was of the age of nineteen." But as in the concluding portion of the work it is stated that he died in 1665, "at the age of sixty-two," and as other authorities agree in giving 1603 as the year of his birth, we conclude that the statement on page 129 forms one of the

very few errors, whether of author or printer, to be found in the entire work. The first half of the book is principally taken up with the one absorbing love-affair of Kenelm's childhood, youth, and early manhood, and with the secret marriage of the faithful lovers and the complications resulting therefrom. The lady was the peerless Venetia Anastasia Stanley, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley; and as the whole story of their love and marriage is as interesting as a modern novel, we will not spoil it for the future readers of the book by giving details.

Sir Everard Digby, Kenelm's father, was executed in 1606 for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. After two years at Oxford, Digby was induced to go abroad by his mother, who sought thus to make him forget Venetia Stanley. The young man, not yet eighteen years of age, went first to Paris, and thence to Angers, to escape the plague. But having here attracted the too favorable notice of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, he avoided her importunities by spreading a report of his death and proceeding to Italy. Two years were spent in Florence, and then he was invited to Madrid by his kinsman, Sir John Digby, Earl of Bristol, who was at that time English ambassador to the Spanish court. Prince Charles and Buckingham arrived at Madrid a few days after Digby's coming, their mission being to obtain the hand of the Infanta for the young prince. The nearer view of the Spanish court, of Spanish diplomacy, and of the characters of Prince Charles and the Duke, which the author here gives us, drawing principally from Digby's "Private Memoires," is valuable, and forms the most interesting, if not the most important, part of the book. Bits of love and intrigue, too, are not wanting to give spice to the narrative.

The return to England, the knighting of the young wanderer, his secret marriage to the matchless Venetia, his wonderful experiments with the "sympathetic powder," and the account of other chemical nostrums believed in by the credulous would-be discoverer, follow next in order. And then, being upbraided by his noble relative, the ex-ambassador, for nursing "a servile affection which, wheresoever it entereth, is a clog to generous spirits and freezeth all heroic thoughts in their very births," Sir Kenelm resolved to embark on an enterprise which should be worthy of a gentleman of his parts and valor, and clear him from any imputation of indolence. Accordingly, with the royal permission, he equipped a small fleet and set sail for the Mediterranean on a privateering

*THE LIFE OF SIR KENELM DIGBY. By one of his Descendants. With Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

cruise, in which he captured some considerable prizes, won a victory over the French and Venetian vessels in the harbor of Scanderoon, and finally returned to England with much pelf and not a little renown. "In that drowsy and inactive time," says Clarendon, the victory at Scanderoon "was looked upon with general estimation." The author of the present biography, however, does not attempt to make Sir Kenelm out as much better than a pirate in this expedition, and he seems entirely right in this view of the case.

The latter part of the book — treating of Digby's repeated banishments and recalls, his examinations for alleged connection with the popish recusants, and his imprisonment at Winchester House — is of less general interest than the earlier chapters, and may be dismissed with a few words. This portion is important, however, as affording a view of the man which is not in all respects flattering, much as the reader might wish the contrary. But, as the writer says, "human nature is human nature, and Sir Kenelm was essentially human; he was no great saint, he was naturally of a diplomatic disposition, he was a courtier, and he had what is called 'a keen eye to the main chance.'"

After all the vicissitudes of a somewhat stormy career, he died peacefully at his own home in Covent Garden, where, until the last, he was wont to gather scientists and scholars about him, and where, another writer tells us, he often "wrangled" with Hobbes. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and was a member of the council at the time of its incorporation in 1663. Throughout his life he was possessed of an active and inquiring mind, and was a shrewd observer of natural phenomena, although he was a scientific amateur rather than a man of science. Devoting himself seriously to astrology and alchemy, his credulity led him into many absurdities. But he held in high esteem Bacon, Galileo, Gilbert, Harvey, and Descartes, and is said to have been the first to notice the necessity of vital air, or oxygen, to the life of plants. (See his "Vegetation of Plants.")

The sources drawn upon by his biographer are, in the main, Digby's own "Private Memoires," which bring his life down to 1629, and have been edited, with a long introduction, by Sir Harris Nicholas; Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," the "Biographia Britannica," Aubrey's "Letters" and "Lives," Lodge's "Portraits," the "Crosby Records," the "State Papers," Digby's own miscellaneous writings, and various

histories of England, memoirs, and letters. The volume under review contains good reproductions of two portraits (one by Vandyck) of Sir Kenelm, one of Sir Everard, and one (by Vandyck) of Lady Venetia Digby, together with a view of Gothurst, Sir Kenelm's early home. Paper and print are all that a fastidious bibliophile could desire, and one needs but to open the book to become interested. We only regret that the author has so carefully concealed his identity. Beyond the fact that he is one of Sir Kenelm's descendants, that he is — according to the title-page — the author of "The Life of a Conspirator" (Sir Everard Digby), "A Life of Archbishop Laud," "The Life of a Prig" — and hence of all the other engaging little volumes from the "Prig's" pen — we know nothing, except that he signs the preface to this book with the initials "T. L." Perhaps some reader more skilled than the reviewer in such matters can throw light upon the question of his identity.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

MODERN APPRECIATIONS OF THE STAGE.*

The attitude of the public mind toward "the drama" and "the stage" has presented some curious phases. For two hundred years English-speaking peoples pointed to Shakespeare, writer of plays, as the greatest of all writers; on our literature of the stage we based our claim to ownership of the world's greatest literature; yet at the same time the stage itself was shunned by pious folk and condemned by church and council, and the poor players were placed under social ostracism, sometimes even denied sacraments, funeral rites, and marriage by the clergy. It is very different in our day. While the drama as a form of literary expression is cultivated but little and without striking success, the stage and the actor were never so much honored. Although no great writer enriches contemporary dramatic literature, the profession of actor is steadily growing in favor with the educated classes. The most eminent of living English actors is honored with knighthood and Sir Henry Irving is invited to lecture at the high seats of learning both in England and America, choosing for his theme the praise of his art; an English clergyman a few

* SHAKESPEARE'S HEROES OF THE STAGE. By Charles E. L. Wingate. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTORS OF TO-DAY. Edited by Fredric E. McKay and Charles E. L. Wingate. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

years ago dedicated a memorial window to Shakespeare in a London church, and still more recently an American "divine" delivered the address at the opening of a new theatre. Play-houses multiply rapidly; and the week-day audiences at a first-class theatre are as intelligent, as well-mannered, and probably as virtuous, as the Sunday audiences at the churches.

Sir Henry Irving defines acting as "the art embodying the poet's creations, of giving them flesh and blood, of making the figures which appeal to your mind's eye in the printed drama live before you on the stage." He regards the actor as the complement of the author, not merely his translator; apparently, he ranks the art of reproduction of character not far below the art of original creation of character.

With this new dignity accorded to the actor's calling comes a new interest in actors, especially in actors of Shakespearian rôles. We desire to supplement the *dicta* of the critics—even such critics as Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Schlegel—by the record of such actors as Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Macready, Booth, Irving, men of high imagination, who have made life-long studies for their impersonations of Hamlet, Shylock, Macbeth, or Lear, in order to present these "in their habit as they lived." But, alas! as has been so often pointed out, no other art is so fleeting as that of the actor. While all other artists may leave behind them lasting memorials of their genius, the player's work vanishes with his disappearance from the stage, and survives only in the recollection of the few who have seen and heard him.

To collect and preserve some of the records of the great actors and actresses of the past and present is the worthy undertaking of Mr. Charles E. L. Wingate, in a series of entertaining volumes. Following soon after his earlier work, "Shakespeare's Heroines of the Stage," come two other volumes, "Shakespeare's Heroes of the Stage" and "Famous American Actors of To-day"—the latter bearing also the name of Frederic Edward McKay as associate editor, the sketches (forty-two in number) being contributed by different hands, mostly dramatic critics of leading newspapers. Othello, Lear, Shylock, Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard III. are the "Shakespeare Heroes," and the book tells something about every actor of prominence in these rôles from the days of Burbage and Betterton to the present. Also, the author has taken great pains in collecting rare portraits; and nothing could be a better commentary on the advance of the histrionic

art in the matter of historical accuracy and appropriate costume than these pictures. For example, here is Quin as Coriolanus, dressed in a tunic with flaring hoop-skirts, and his head surmounted with plumes two feet high; and Garrick as he played Lear, in a ruffled waistcoat, knickerbockers, and silk hose. The serious student will regret that so much space has been given to anecdote and green-room gossip; although these chatty features may give the work a certain popularity of a temporary kind, a different handling of the material and more dignity of treatment would have given it a literary and critical value which it now lacks.

The collection of "Famous American Actors" includes those who have died recently, as well as those still living. The lives here recorded are, most of them, of a high, clean, noble, and inspiring order. With such personalities as Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Mme. Modjeska, and Lawrence Barrett as subjects, and such writers as Henry A. Clapp, Philip Hale, "Dorothy Lundt," Laurence Hutton, and George Parsons Lathrop to deal with them, we have a book of much literary and critical value, albeit a large number of lesser names have been admitted that might well be spared. The work ought to do much to clear the actor's calling from such odium as may still linger about it, for not many professions could make a better showing of genuine and conspicuous virtue.

ANNA B. MCMAHAN.

THE CHURCH, PAST AND PRESENT.*

There is no more interesting section of church history from several points of view than that of the fourteenth century. "The Great Western Schism" is an uncovering of some of the deepest schemes of ecclesiastical corruption and infamy ever known in the Church of Rome. Dr. Locke gives us, in his volume on this topic, a popular and of course very much abbreviated recital of the chief events of this cen-

*TEN EPOCHS OF CHURCH HISTORY. Edited by John Fulton, D.D., LL.D. Volume VIII., The Age of the Great Western Schism. By Clinton Locke, D.D. New York: The Christian Literature Co.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ECCLESIASTICAL UNITY: Four Lectures Delivered in St. Asaph Cathedral, on June 16-19 [1896]. By Arthur James Mason, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE PROPHETS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. Edited by Lyman Abbott, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

tury, carrying the narrative through the council of Basel. The "Babylonian captivity" of the papal see to Avignon, then the double-headed church, the clashing, the bulls and counter-bulls of contemporaneous popes, the great councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basel, constitute a panorama of the degradation and corruption of ecclesiastics, and the almost fruitless efforts at reform, such as shocks the good sense and the moral consciousness of purely political bodies of this century. Dr. Locke's general outline is well sketched, though it is somewhat humiliating to find him so frequently falling into the use of colloquialisms and almost slang phrases to express himself. The more of such clear-cut outlines the better. They give the popular reader an appetite which can be appeased only by further indulgence in works on the same period.

The mighty influence of the Church of England during the last thousand years demands more than ordinary notice in church history. Mr. Wakeman has undertaken, in his book of 500 pages, to introduce the reader to the history of that body from its origin to the present day. It is not a manual or a text-book in form or style, but is written in a running narrative. The chapters are not long, are well condensed, and charmingly written. There is just enough of incident or anecdote mixed in the pictures to give them a delightful fascination. The reader finds just what he expects in the line of Episcopal prejudices. Though remarkably free for a churchman, he sometimes falls into the snare of special pleading. One of the striking sections of the book is that dealing with the ecclesiastical eruptions and disruptions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Inquisition under fire and flame, persecution by torture and torment, and worse than death-pangs, were the results of adopting and maintaining heretical views on ecclesiastical, and almost on political, questions. The marvel is that the church could be both the executioner of spiritual men and the conservator of spiritual truth. But out of this dead formalism, not many years hence, sprang the life element of the dissenters which not only stirred England to its foundations, but galvanized the old church into a new life, and became a mighty force in the foundation of modern church history. Mr. Wakeman gives us vivid and thrilling descriptions of some of those events, which will stimulate readers to search out the larger works to find satiety. The book is provided with an admirable chronological table covering eleven closely printed pages.

A full index completes the volume. The publishers also have done their part in making a handsome and useful book.

This is the day of unions — commercial, social, labor, and not-quite-ecclesiastical. Dr. Mason, in his work on "The Principles of Ecclesiastical Unity," has set for himself the task of telling how he thinks this union can be consummated. Lecture I., on the "Duty of Unity," is a practical rebuttal of the Pope's encyclical *ad Anglos*, and a weak discussion of the duty of unity as based on the teachings of Scripture. Lecture II., on the internal principle of unity, is simply the fact that in Christ all are brethren, hence should be working toward the same end with one purpose. Lecture III. reveals the attachments of the lecturer. The external principle is the fact that the Church of England, the Roman Church, and the Greek Church possess the only authorized ordained ministers; and that true union would mean the lifting of all dissenting bodies to the high plane of accepting ordination at the hands of the Church which has preserved from the beginning an unbroken succession of authorized and ordained clergy. He even goes so far as to say:

"In a country where there is an authoritative Church — a church which has not apostatized from the faith and which imposes no terms of communion with which it is sinful to comply — there, for any group of Christians who have received no commission [in succession from apostolic times] for the purpose to take upon them the office of ordaining, is, I will not say inexcusably or necessarily wicked, but essentially anarchical" (p. 90). "It would be faithless and disloyal to quit this church" (p. 91).

This is the spirit in which the lecturer proposes the union, "You join us and we'll unite, and form a union." Such a proposition is absurd on the face of it. Only the Church of Rome and her western cousin are possible allies of such a body. To Protestant Christendom he openly says, "Accept our tenets, and there will be union." It is wasted time, empty words, and only a clanging cymbal, to be haranguing audiences in this fashion.

Why "The Prophets of the Christian Faith" in the title of Dr. Lyman Abbott's volume? Fifty as noble saints might have been chosen as those here described. Dr. Abbott gives us the old well-known and popular definition of a prophet. The "prophets" discussed are Isaiah, Paul, Clement of Alexandria, Augustine, Wycliffe, Luther, Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, Bushnell, and Maurice, by such writers as Drs. Dods, Matheson, Harnack, Farrar, Fairbairn,

Munger, and Allen. The pictures of Isaiah, Clement, and Maurice are quite inadequate. The rest of them are fairly good characterizations of the views and place of each man in his day. The one value that such symposiums possess is the stirring up the reader to study biography, especially that of leaders in the past. There is little or nothing of permanent value in such necessarily meagre portrayals.

IRA M. PRICE.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A FAMOUS MAESTRO.*

Musical people, and many others, know that Signor Luigi Arditi is one of the most popular orchestral conductors of Italian opera in the world. Born seventy-four years ago, at Crescentino in central Piedmont, and always turning affectionately to the beautiful land of his nativity, Arditi is yet an American citizen. He married, in 1856, a lady of Richmond, Va., and has since regarded this as his adopted country. He speaks of it always with the enthusiasm of the lover: what pleases him, pleases him very much; but his praise, though never half-hearted, seems judiciously bestowed, and his criticism is always good-natured. He writes with a good command of English, in so natural and easy a style that one is seldom reminded that a foreigner holds the pen.

Signor Arditi has conducted operas in all the great cities of this country and Europe, and nearly all the great singers of the past fifty years have either made their *débuts* or sung under his baton. His reminiscences, therefore, present many charming sketches and anecdotes of world-famous musicians and other noted people with whom he came in contact. Of Albani, with whom he appeared in the United States in 1850, he says:

"She was a most charming and amiable woman, and it was impossible to know her without liking and respecting her. Unlike many *prime donne* I have since known, who find it hard to stand the wear and tear and trying ordeal of rehearsal and study of opera without losing their serenity of temper, Albani was a veritable embodiment of immutable good-nature and affability. . . . Singing was a second nature to her. She loved her work, and revelled in her triumphs. Her vocal compass was perfectly marvellous. I wrote some variations for her once, wherein she trilled on the high B flat with the greatest facility, immediately passing to

the lower G; and although she suffered from intense nervousness at such a marvellous feat, considering that her voice was practically a contralto, she acquitted herself so brilliantly of the passage in question that her audiences on every occasion of her singing the music were stirred to the greatest enthusiasm."

It was for Piccolomini that Arditi composed his famous "Il Bacio," in 1859, which, while it has made fortunes for several others, has netted the author just £50. Some amusing incidents are given in connection with this song, the title of which was suggested by Madame Arditi.

Of Christine Nilsson, who made her London *début* in "La Traviata," in 1867, he writes:

"Nilsson's singing reminded me greatly of Angiolina Bosio, her brilliant *floriture* being delivered with the same exquisite grace and refinement that characterized the style of the Italian artist. Everything was in favor of the young Swedish artist,—her youthful freshness (in itself a priceless charm); a definite individuality; her slight, supple figure, which lent itself to the draping of any classical robe; and above all, the voice, of extensive compass, mellow, sweet, and rich."

The artist who receives the largest share of attention in this book is Adelina Patti, with whom Signor Arditi's acquaintance began when the *prima donna* was only eight years old. His account of their first meeting is as follows:

"Madame Salvador Patti, Adelina's mother, was anxious that I should hear the child sing, and so she brought her little daughter to my rooms one day. [This was in New York.] Bottesini and I were highly amused to see the air of importance with which the tiny songstress first selected a comfortable seat for her doll in such proximity that she was able to see her while singing, and then, having said, 'La, ma bonne petite, attends que ta Maman te chante quelque chose de jolie,' she demurely placed her music on the piano, and asked me to accompany her in the rondo of 'Sonnambula.'

"How am I to give an adequate description of the effect which that child's miraculous notes produced upon our enchanted senses? Perhaps if I say that both Bottesini and I wept genuine tears of emotion, tears which were the outcome of the original and never-to-be-forgotten impression her voice made when it stirred our innermost feelings, that may, in some slight measure, convince my readers of the extraordinary vocal power and beauty of which little Adelina was, at that tender age, possessed. We were simply amazed, nay, electrified, at the well-nigh perfect manner in which she delivered some of the most difficult and varied arias without the slightest effort or self-consciousness."

Signor Arditi has made many tours with Patti, and is her warm friend and admirer. Surely the most delightful house-party that one ever read about was that extending over four weeks, which the Arditi's spent with Count Nicolini and his wife at their Craig-Y-Nos home in August, 1889. The account reads like a page from the "Arabian Nights."

Space will not permit further quotation from

* MY REMINISCENCES. By Luigi Arditi. With numerous Illustrations, Facsimiles, etc. Edited and compiled, with Introduction and Notes, by the Baroness Von Zedlitz. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

the reminiscences of great singers — Sontag, Grisi, Mario, Bosio, Guiglini, Titiens, Viardot, and many others—that crowd the pages of this fascinating volume. Its interest is much enhanced by the numerous illustrations. The editor of the work, the Baroness von Zedlitz, has performed her task well, giving in the Introduction a short sketch of Ardit's early life, up to the year 1846, when he first crossed the ocean, and in the Notes adding interesting details to the author's own narrative of his subsequent career.

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

RECENT FICTION.*

It is a rather remarkable fact that what are unquestionably the two greatest novels of the present season should be works of historical fiction. One of these novels, the Polish "Quo Vadis," we reviewed some weeks ago; the other, "On the Face of the Waters," calls for our chief attention in the present survey of recently-published novels. We have heretofore expressed the opinion that, as a delineator of Indian life, Mrs. Steel stands, not exactly as a rival of Mr. Kipling—for her elaborate compositions are as unlike his flash-light photographs as they could possibly be—but as Mr. Kipling's peer among workers in this comparatively new imaginative field. Of course, there were great men before Agamemnon, and good books about India were written before Mrs. Steel and Mr. Kipling were born, but these two writers satisfy our modern

* *ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS.* A Tale of the Mutiny. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: The Macmillan Co.

GREEN FIRE. A Romance. By Fiona Macleod. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CARIBSIMA. A Modern Grotesque. By Lucas Malet. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

TOMALYN'S QUEST. A Novel. By G. B. Burgin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CAPTAIN SHANNON. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE WIZARD. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

A COURT INTRIGUE. By Basil Thompson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

LIFE THE ACCUSER. By E. F. Brooke. New York: Edward Arnold.

PALLADIA. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A PURITAN'S WIFE. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ON THE RED STAIRCASE. By M. Imlay Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

WHITE APRONS. A Romance of Bacon's Rebellion: Virginia, 1676. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

A VIRGINIA CAVALIER. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN, OF J. By George Morgan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE SCARLET COAT. By Clinton Ross. New York: Stone & Kimball.

desires—fall in with our searching psychological proclivities and our envisagement of ethnological distinctions—as none of the older generations can possibly do, and for us, at least, they make both the Indian and the Anglo-Indian seem alive. Comparison between the two writers is an idle task; each has his gifts and his limitations, and little need be said beyond the statement that one is in no sense an imitator of the other. Certainly, Mrs. Steel could not do Mr. Kipling's most characteristic things, and equally certainly Mr. Kipling could not write a long novel having the close texture of Mrs. Steel's book, and sustained, as that book is, upon an almost epic level. So much for the inevitable coupling of the two names; let us now try to see something of what Mrs. Steel has done. In the first place, it must be admitted that her work is faulty. There is nothing pellucid about the stream of her narrative, which rushes along over a rough bed, and has many whirling eddies. The transitions from scene to scene are so abrupt that the plan of the whole has a patchwork effect, and many of the paragraphs must be reread before one can find out their meaning or what they are about. The style is not only unpolished, but even lapses into gross solecisms, as in the frequent use of locutions which make "like" do duty as a conjunction. These are not promising phrases with which to begin the characterization of a great novel, yet great—in the sober sense of that overworked word—this novel undoubtedly is. For its faults are but surface-faults, after all, and, to revert to our metaphor, the stream has volume and depth, and the strength that they imply. In the first place, it has one of the greatest themes that history can offer—the theme of those months of terror that forty years ago prepared for Englishmen so splendid a heritage of heroism that the memory of the Mutiny even to-day thrills through and through every man of English race. This note of heroic passion and pride informs Mrs. Steel's work from beginning to end. She does not gloss over the faults of English rule in Hindostan, nor does she attempt to conceal the amazingly impolitic course of conduct that led to the outbreak, but she does understand how richly English devotion made atonement, during that fateful summer of 1857, for the errors of English policy, and, in this sense, Mr. Kipling's

"If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!"

might be taken, *mutatis mutandis*, as the motto of her work. In the second place, Mrs. Steel makes us understand, as no novelist before her has succeeded in doing, the Sepoy point of view. She knows what the religious fanaticism of Brahman and Mohammedan meant at the time of the Mutiny, with how deep a sense of wrong the native was filled as he contemplated the assaults of the foreigner upon the most sacred traditions of his faith, what was the play of the Oriental mind—in some respects childishly simple, and in others subtle beyond any occidental comprehension—upon the events connected

with the fastening upon British India of the yoke of the despised but feared foreigner. It is in the two features above set forth, and in the way in which they are balanced and given each its due value, that the power of this novel chiefly consists. It does not deal with the whole history of the Mutiny, but solely with the siege and capture of Delhi. Cawnpore and Lucknow are referred to only in an incidental way; the names of Lawrence, Campbell, and Havelock are barely mentioned; John Nicholson is its one conspicuous historical hero. But, within its limits, the book is history in a very exact sense. "The reader may rest assured that every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Indian Mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather. Nor have I allowed the actual actors in the great tragedy to say a word regarding it which is not to be found in the accounts of eye-witnesses, or in their own writings." As for the fictive part of the book, the chief interest lies in the fortunes of the English woman who remains secreted in Delhi during the siege, and in the two men—her husband and the stranger whose fortunes become so strangely linked with hers—who illustrate anew the old idea that a great occasion may make a hero out of the most contemptible material. These three figures are triumphs of portraiture, and show the creative powers of the writer to be upon a plane with her conception of the essential spirit of the history concerned. The alluring poetic title of the novel is thus explained: "I have chosen it because when you ask an uneducated native of India why the Great Rebellion came to pass, he will, in nine cases out of ten, reply, 'God knows! He sent a Breath into the World.' From this to a Spirit moving on the face of the Waters is not far." The controlling artistic impulse which led to this felicitous choice of a title has been with the author throughout her work, and has made of it, despite all surface defects, a novel of quite extraordinary value and vitality.

In comparison with a work like the above, the best of everyday novels must seem tame and commonplace, and the rest of those that we have grouped in the present review may be dismissed with very brief mention. Since the contrast must be marked in any case, we may as well make it as marked as possible by placing Miss Macleod's "Green Fire" next upon our list. It is by no means intended to say that this book is as poor as its predecessor is good, but merely that the qualities of Celtic imagination which it displays in such abundant measure are as remote as anything well can be from Mrs. Steel's dramatic actualities. The dreamiest moonlight and the most fervent sunshine are not further apart than two such books are in spirit, to say nothing of fact. The style of "Green Fire" alone makes the reading of the book a pleasant task, and yet the effect, almost magical at times, is produced by simple means. Take such a sentence as this for example: "St. Martin's summer came at last, and with it all that wonderful, dreamlike beauty which

bathes the isles in a flood of golden light, and puts upon sea and land a veil as of ineffable mystery." The example is a typical one, and illustrates the haunting beauty that may be given a simple sentence by the harmonious collocation of a few congruous epithets and the melodious arrangement of a few vowel-sounds. Miss Macleod's story is in keeping with her style; it is an exquisitely-wrought study, rich in imaginative quality, and touched with enough of passion to give it life. It is something like the work of "Loti" at his best, with the Celtic dimness of atmosphere, the Celtic sense of the brooding fate that shapes the lives of men.

Another sharp contrast is offered by "The Carissima," the next book upon our list. Here, too, there is something of the sense of brooding or impending fate, but the effect is grotesque (as the author clearly intends it to be) rather than tragic. The book is a study of character, as exhibited by a group of five or six people summering together in a Swiss hotel. The analysis is extremely well done, so well, in fact, that the occasional interpositions of the writer for the purpose of explaining her characters are quite unnecessary, and rather irritate than help the reader. The heroine is a very modern young woman, and one is likely at the end to agree with the opinion expressed by the speaker in the "Prologue," that "compared with even a superficial comprehension of the intricacies of her thought and conduct, the mastery of the Chinese language would supply an airy pastime, the study of the higher mathematics a gentle sedative." The interest of the story as a whole is considerable and is well sustained, but its real strength lies in the finish of the workmanship, in the innumerable touches of humor, of epigrammatic wisdom, and even of cynical observation, with which its pages sparkle. It is a ripe book, but with the flavor of the hot-house, and the suggestion of what come after ripeness, both to fruit and to society.

The reader of "Tomalyn's Quest" should be prepared for all sorts of surprises. The writer has evidently made it a point of honor that the interest of his story should never be allowed to lag, and it never does. Tomalyn is an ingenuous young Englishman who goes to Constantinople as private secretary of one Tompkins Pasha, an officer of the Turkish army. His quest is "experience," and he gets it in the shape of Russian intrigue, Armenian villainy, and the coquetry of a female spy who finds him an easy victim. The story is really very graphic and entertaining, although it strains credulity now and then, most of all, perhaps, when in the end the beautiful but wicked heroine, in an hour of impulsive penitence, allows her skin to be transplanted to another face—for a consideration. This is, to say the least, a startling way of smoothing matters for Tomalyn, since the other face is that of the heroine's rival, who is (before the operation) good but not beautiful. The book is well provided with local color, which is applied with boldness and an eye for artistic effect. We are many times reminded of

Mr. Kipling's methods of treatment and characterization, which statement is perhaps the most illuminating one that may be made in so brief a review as this.

The amateur detective story will always have its charm for the reader who looks to a story-book for nothing more than diversion or recreation, and the variations to be played upon this theme are practically inexhaustible. Mr. Kernahan's "Captain Shannon" is a capital book of its kind, and tells of an Irish dynamiter, finally run to earth after having committed several outrages and caused the death of some hundreds of innocent people. If the reader be not too critical of details, and have not too keen an eye for the minor points of construction, we can assure him that this novel will provide an hour or two of acceptable entertainment, and more than that the author never intended to provide.

If Mr. Rider Haggard ventures to tempt fortune with many more books of the sort that he has given us of late, he will lose the alight claim he has hitherto had to be considered seriously. "The Wizard," the latest of his romances, is stucco-work of the cheapest description, and displays an imagination so poverty-stricken that we wonder at its publication. The theme is a fine one — that of the conversion of a fierce African tribe by a missionary who pays for his devotion with his life — but it is so handled that we never for a single moment experience the emotional thrill that might so easily have been made to accompany the presentation of such a subject. Mr. Haggard has in his day written about a great many tiresome savages, but never before quite so ineffectively as in the present instance.

"A Court Intrigue" is the story of an Englishman on a holiday in Brittany. Stopping for the night in an out-of-the-way place, he comes upon as queer a collection of people as could well be imagined. An exiled king and his followers are found in possession of a country house, where they have established themselves and set up a semblance of a court. The doings of these people are strongly suggestive of Alice in Wonderland, and the reader is not altogether unprepared to learn that the king is royal only in his imagination, being in reality a simple lunatic, sent to this remote refuge for treatment. His followers are in like case, and all have been left to their own devices and delusions by the proprietor of the establishment, a swindler who has pocketed his fees and decamped. No such trifling things as probabilities are ever taken into consideration by the author of this story, and the work is a mere jumble of dull and incoherent episodes.

"Life the Accuser" is an exasperating book because it is so good in some respects that its deficiencies in others are glaring. For one thing, the author can write such good English, and is so conscious of the fact, that she makes stylists of all her characters, whatever their condition in life. For another, she is absolutely without humor, and the sustained seriousness of her story is rather depressing. Then there is everywhere so strong an insist-

ence upon the psychological, so evident a determination to get into the deep parts of character and life, that description and dramatic action are sacrificed, and soul-dissection becomes nearly everything. The story is of English provincial life, and has a gray coloring not unlike that to be found in the novels of "Mark Rutherford." In spite of its faults, the book is well worth reading, and contains two or three scenes of singular power.

There is no lack of excitement in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Palladia," but the incidents are strung together without much regard for symmetrical arrangement, and a sort of nightmare effect is produced by this jumble of Balkan intrigue and English country life and oriental trickery. When the interest seems about to lag, a dynamite explosion or an assassination is introduced to enliven the situation, and all goes well again — at least for a time. Palladia, the heroine of this many-colored romance, is an attractive figure, and her character and fortunes give a certain unity to what without her would be a hopelessly incoherent series of episodes. The scenes in which the oriental prince figures display a considerable degree of insight into the oriental mind, and can hardly have been drawn from an imagination unaided by actual contact with the life which they depict.

Shall we never have done with historical romances of the Civil War and the Restoration? So many such have come to us during the past five years that we have lost track of the count, and here is Mr. Max Pemberton with "A Puritan's Wife," which again fixes our attention upon the period in question, and again strings together a lengthy series of adventures and escapes. The year is that of the Plague, and the hero is a Cromwellian refugee who has returned to England, after five years of life in France, hoping that the hue and cry will no longer be raised against him. It is not a very successful story, as such stories go, and drags a good deal toward the close.

"On the Red Staircase" is a well-planned and well-written story of seventeenth-century Russia. The scene is Russia, and the time is the exciting period of the childhood of Peter the Great. One gets an extremely vivid picture of the anarchy into which Russia was plunged by the contending factions that sought for power after the death of the Tsar Alexis, and is at the same time privileged to follow the course of a romantic love-story quite absorbing in its interest. The quality of the narrative is a little thin, but it has abundant action, and the plot is deftly worked out to a satisfactory conclusion.

"White Aprons" is a pleasing romance of the Old Dominion, the date being 1676, and the historical setting being provided by the episode of Bacon's rebellion against Governor Berkeley. The book is essentially a love-story, and its interest centres about a young follower of Bacon, who, after the death of his leader and the suppression of the revolt, is sentenced to death. His sweetheart thereupon makes bold to cross the seas, and solicit a pardon from the

King. As she conveniently happens to be a niece of one Samuel Pepys, her brief stay in London is full of incident, and brings her into contact with Dryden, the Duke of Buckingham, and Mr. Godfrey Kneller. The latter even paints her portrait, which, we are assured, may still be seen in the National Gallery. We should add that her head is not turned by all these attentions, and that she returns with the royal pardon just in time to save her lover from the hangman. The story is charmingly told, and shows an increase of strength over Mrs. Goodwin's earlier romance of colonial history.

Miss Seawell's "A Colonial Cavalier" is a disappointment. It looks like a novel, but we speedily discover it to be nothing more than an account of George Washington's boyhood and early manhood, written in goody-goody style, with the moral sticking out everywhere. It seems to be intended for youthful readers, and they may possibly accept it for the sake of the fighting, but its language is too prim and stilted for them to find it really enjoyable.

General Washington appears as a figure, although not very prominently, in Mr. George Morgan's romance of the Revolutionary War. The Valley Forge period of our national fortunes is the subject of this story, which shows something of the seamy side of the American struggle for independence and of the factious spirit that mars the history of American patriotism in those its darkest hours. As a corrective of such decorous chromo-history as Miss Seawell gives us, the book has a certain value, but considered as a romance, we do not know when we have read a more shapeless and incoherent production. It is almost impossible to follow the thread of the narrative, and quite impossible, we should say, to take a real interest in any of the characters.

Still another story of this period comes to us, with "The Scarlet Coat" for a title, and Mr. Clinton Ross for the author. The story is in marked contrast to the one just mentioned, for it is clean-cut in style and structure, and extremely interesting. The events leading up to, and clustering about, the siege of Yorktown, are the subject-matter of the story, and we are introduced to both Cornwallis and Washington. The love-story intertwined with the history is in charming taste, and altogether the book makes a distinctly pleasant impression.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Mystery of
Cell-Life.*

Biological research in recent years has been largely devoted to the structure and activities of the cell. This unit of living matter has been explored for the secret of heredity and the key to the mystery of growth and differentiation. Professor Wilson of Columbia University has rendered a valuable service in preparing for the student and the general reader a critical summary of the most recent work in this field, in "The Cell in Development and Inheritance,"

published by the Macmillan Co. in the "Columbia University Biological Series." An historical sketch of the cell-theory and a discussion of its relation to current views of evolution and inheritance precede the full treatment of the structure and organs of the cell and the complicated mechanism of cell-multiplication. The ultimate structure of protoplasm, the physical basis of life, is reviewed in the light of the investigations of Butschli and Strasburger. Living matter is not a single chemical substance, but a mixture of many that are self-perpetuating without the loss of their specific characters. The open question is whether these substances are localized in discrete bodies aggregated to form the cell, as cells unite to form the body, and whether these ultimate particles, if they exist, lie within the reach of the microscope. The chapters which deal with the subject of the sex-cells, their intimate structure, and the phenomena which precede, attend, and follow their union in offspring, will be of prime interest to the lay reader who wishes to gain an understanding of the basis and bearings, the strength and the weakness, of Weismann's theory of heredity. The chemical relations and the physiological activities of the cell receive passing notice. The book closes with a discussion of the broader problems that lie at the outposts of cell research. What is the guiding principle of development that correlates its complex phenomena to a definite end? This unknown factor in development is involved in the structure of the germ plasma inherited from foregoing generations; but what this structure is, and how it has been acquired, are at present beyond our ken. Despite all our theories, we no more know how the properties of the germ plasma involve those of the adult, than we know how the properties of hydrogen and oxygen involve those of water. The study of the cell has widened rather than narrowed the enormous gap that separates the lowest forms of life from the inorganic world. A popular treatment, a pleasing style, abundant illustrations, and a full glossary assist the uninitiated reader of this volume to an understanding of the technical side of the topics discussed. No single book better illustrates the trend of biological investigation in the past decade.

*Study of Fishes,
Living and Fossil.*

Another volume in the "Columbia University Biological Series" is by Dr. Bashford Dean, whose subject is "Fishes, Living and Fossil." Dr. Dean has given a very accurate and readable account of the structure and evolution of the outlying and ancestral types of the fishes. The chapters relating to the lampreys, sharks, and their fossil allies, are thoroughly excellent, and the account of the development of the organs of fishes is in general very satisfactory. The chief criticism that suggests itself lies in the expectations aroused by the title. The typical fishes, or *Teleosts*, including ninety-five per cent of the existing species of aquatic vertebrates, are very inadequately treated. Among the true fishes are very great modifications of form and struc-

ture, and many notable lines of evolution, of which this work gives scarcely a suggestion. The true fishes are treated by Dr. Dean as constituting a single order, within the limits of which no essential variety is observed, except certain oddities produced by peculiar conditions of environment. No reference of importance is made to the taxonomy of the bony fishes, or to the anatomical studies on which their classification rests. In the Bibliography, the references to the embryology and anatomy of the lampreys, sharks, and lung-fishes are very complete and accurate; but that on the bony fishes is very far from sufficient, many of the most important memoirs being omitted—as, for example, Professor Cope's memoir on the osteological characters of the orders of fishes in a paper on the "Fishes of the Lesser Antilles." So far as taxonomy is concerned, the references are almost valueless. Thus, of some three hundred papers by Dr. Gill we have reference only to one popular article. Jordan and Gilbert's elaborate "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America" is superseded by "Jordan and Gilbert: Manual of the Vertebrates of Eastern N. A., McClurg, Last Edition,"—an elementary treatise with which Dr. Gilbert has had nothing to do. The work is, as indicated by the author, but "an introductory study"; and the general work which shall do justice to the structure, evolution, and classification of the true fishes, is yet to be written.

*Foundations
of modern
Ichthyology.*

The foundation of the modern science of Ichthyology rests on Dr. Albert Günther's Catalogue of the Fishes of the British Museum (eight volumes, 1859 to 1870). With all its faults—and these are many—this monumental work has been of inestimable service to every student of fishes, and it has been the keystone to the science of which it treats. The Second Edition of this Catalogue, under the hands of Dr. G. A. Boulenger, promises to mark as great an advance over the work of Dr. Günther as Günther's work marked over the chaos that preceded it. Dr. Boulenger brings to his task a thorough training in the discrimination of species, a sound judgment, a freedom from personal or national prejudices, and an accuracy in detail which places him in the very front rank of taxonomists. So far as any man can say the last word in matters of this kind, he is prepared to say it. Every part of the work shows the most conscientious application, and if the author is spared to finish this task he will have placed his name as an ineffaceable stamp on the history of every group of fishes. A feature of especial value is in the attention given to the osteology, on which classification in this group must ultimately rest. Dr. Boulenger has been generous in his recognition of the work of others. Concerning American fishes, he says: "It is especially in North American Ichthyology, which was in an utterly confused state when the First Edition of this work was prepared, and when no materials were available in any European museum, that the greatest progress has been

made, thanks chiefly to the untiring energy of Professor Jordan and his associates, Professors Gilbert and Eigenmann. All this excellent work of revision of the earlier systematic attempts has greatly facilitated my task." In style and typography, Boulenger's Catalogue is a model. It is gratifying to note, at a time when the activity of naturalists is being so largely directed into other channels, that systematic zoölogy is represented by one of the noblest pieces of scholarship since animals were first ranged in order.

*Bohemia
Felix.*

Mr. Du Maurier lost a chance when he did not call his second novel "In Bohemia without Moscheles." Possibly that title would not have appealed to the public a few years ago, but it would do so now; and as to posterity, we will leave the matter open. As for the work now in hand, "In Bohemia with Du Maurier" (Harper), by Felix Moscheles, we know of nothing quite equal to it, except the book which Shandon wanted Captain Sumph to get together from his experiences,—Captain Sumph, who began, "I remember poor Byron, Hobhouse, Trelawney, and myself." We have here a sufficient reason for Du Maurier's having omitted Mr. Moscheles where he inserted Mr. Whistler. To speak of the matter seriously, however, it is a pity that somebody did not persuade Mr. Moscheles to make simply a book out of his collection of Du Maurier's early caricatures, and then to print it privately for a few friends. They are not the best of caricatures, but we suppose every line of a master ought to be preserved, though surely everything need not be popularised. As it was, Mr. Moscheles endeavored to use the sketches as illustrations of his own reminiscences, a matter wherein his powers are fatally handicapped by comparison. His companion in Bohemia did have precisely the gift necessary to put into actual forms his recollections of the past, and to make them rosette and of a glamour charming to the world. This power Mr. Moscheles lacks; and hence his reminiscences are not such as to make us wholly sympathize in his delight in recollection. We might quote many passages to give an idea of his manner, but we believe the distilled quintessence may be found in the following: "These occasions were productive of a great number of drawings and sketches, illustrating our little adventures, and all plainly showing that the incidents recorded occurred to us at that pleasant time of life when bright illusions and buoyant spirits lead the way, and when sorrow itself has more of the rose-colour than many a rose of later day" (p. 45). What a funny Bohemia it must have been while he was in it, and how Du Maurier must have enjoyed being with him!

*Parisian Icons
at their play.*

Mr. Stuart Henry's "Hours with Famous Parisians" (Way & Williams) fills a long-felt want. It is a translation, or say a paraphrase, of "Nos Contemporains chez Eux"—those photographs of famous Parisians sitting overwhelmed by their home surroundings, which used to be common in the shop-

windows of Paris, and may be still. For instance, in the photograph you saw Verlaine sitting in a *café* with absinthe before him; so does he appear in the book. Really, however, Mr. Henry has not paraphrased the photographs—he has vitascoped them; the famous Parisians move about and do characteristic things. In the photograph Verlaine always sits with his head thrown back and a kind of blink. In the book we have just the same background, but Verlaine wakes up, writes poems, limps, looks at Mr. Henry, and finally “moves out of the front door.” Such is the power of words, as was long since discovered by Lessing; they are infinitely more amusing than photographs. Mr. Henry shows us interiors devoted to M. Zola, M. Anatole France, Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, M. Bougereau, and many another of whom we have often heard, and we see just who and what they are. This marvel he accomplishes partly by his mastery of style. Mr. Henry has captured for himself the modern style, the *curiosa felicitas* style which we have all admired from a distance: he has lassoed it and removed enough verbs to prevent its escape, and then has made it his own by inoculating it with a mixture of Gallicisms and French words. He is almost a contemporary N. P. Willis (though not quite), and therefore very amusing. He gives no literary information as such, but conveys an excellent idea of the men of letters, as of the others, by means more agreeable and cleverer. In fact, in this respect the book is almost as good as “Letters to Dead Authors.” So it fulfils every requisite: it deals with matters we all long to know about, it deals with them to most satisfying results; and then its style—we cannot somehow get away from that lovely style. Madame Bernhardt “ripples forth in a key of lyric and pearl: *Bonjour, monsieur.*” It is a most delightful book: the chosen few will appreciate it at its real worth, and the unelect will read it with immense interest and edification. No one need avoid it. Mr. Henry allows himself to neglect some of the directions of the activity of M. Catulle Mendès although it must be confessed that he does give rather an adequate idea of the masterpiece of M. Marcel Prévost.

*A book for
spare moments.*

We will own to feeling somewhat disgusted on finding that the books which whiled away Sir Herbert Maxwell's “Rainy Days in a Library” (Francis P. Harper) were books of which we had heard not even the names. Our chagrin was somewhat lightened when we discovered, on going on, that some of the books were really not unknown to us, and that it was very pleasant to make acquaintances with the rest. The author of these papers thinks that many books which delight us when we read in bed would not do so well for sober daylight. But even in broad day there are times when one wants merely to be amused and “seduced into caprice.” A wet morning in a country-house library,—at such a time and place one appreciates things otherwise regarded

as perhaps too trivial. In these thirteen papers we have something on as many books; a little comment, a few extracts, and all good. As to the best thing in the book, it is hard to decide between the remedy for the scorpion's bite in Jonson's “Wonderful Things of Nature,”—“If he [the person bitten] sit upon an Asse with his face toward the tayl, the Asse will endure the pain and not he,”—between this unkind remedy and the piece of folk-lore reported from Brazil in Blaeu's Atlas, to the effect that “the newly-married couple occupy a hammock of network; the father of either of them takes the opportunity of their slumber to cut with a sharp stone the cord suspending it—a necessary precaution, as they believe, to prevent the future progeny having tails, which but for this operation they would naturally have.” Sir Herbert is a man of humor and of scholarship; perhaps his good traits are further explained by his appreciation of sport and sports—it goes without saying that he appreciates golf. And although the books that please him and us are not, so far as this collection is concerned, sporting books, yet there is in his dealing with them that fine temper that comes from a due admixture of the study and the open world. So we commend the book to readers who want to pass a rainy day, and yet have not at hand either Adam Petrie's “Rules of Good Deportment,” Bulwer's “Artificial Changeling,” or “The Acts of the Scottish Parliament.”

*A readable
text-book
on Rhetoric.*

Text-books in English rhetoric and composition have so multiplied of recent years that a new candidate for favor must possess extraordinary merit if its publication is to find justification. Such merit is, however, disclosed by an examination of the “Constructive Rhetoric” (Holt) just put forth by Professor Edward Everett Hale, Jr. The word “constructive” strikes the keynote of the book; for the author never loses sight of the fact that men should study rhetoric to learn the art of acceptable writing, rather than to acquire a smattering of linguistic science or even to fortify the culture with a body of æsthetical canons. So we find in the present treatise exercises of all sorts and in great abundance, exercises that have stood the test of class-room work and given ample proof of their helpfulness to both teacher and student. We have never seen a more stimulating and searching series of tests than are here offered, and the student who conscientiously works through them will get both a start and an impetus along the path that leads to the mastery of effective discourse. But the author does not let us forget that art is long, and notes that to do all the exercises in the book would mean the writing of only about twenty thousand words. “Anyone who would acquire a good style must write as much as that in a month, and so on every month for a good while. In other words, no college course will give much more, even in the way of practice, than an idea of how to proceed.” Another thing should be

said of Professor Hale's book. It is the product of a mind so finely-tempered, so wide in its range of interests, and so quick to connect literature with life, that it is actually readable, just as a volume of essays is readable; and we are inclined to think its pedagogic quality all the better for this fact. It is, after all, a little absurd that the books which profess to teach the writing of attractive English should be (as most of them are) quite unattractive themselves, and that because of their pedantry and excessive formalism of presentation. Such books illustrate "the delicate sarcasm of print" far better than the one before us,—although the author, too modest by half, applies this deprecatory phrase to his own production.

The latest book on Southern California.

The latest, and in some respects one of the best, of the many works on Southern California is the little volume published by the Lippincott Co. with the title, "Two Health-seekers in Southern California." Though lacking the graphic descriptions and the picturesque effects that one finds in the more extended and pretentious works of Mr. Warner and Mr. Finck, this book of a hundred and fifty small pages has the advantage of compactness and low price, and presents a good deal of varied information of much practical value to the prospective health-seekers to whom it is addressed by the two members of the class who have gone before and now send back this carefully-studied and instructive report. The two are Dr. W. A. Edwards, a Philadelphia physician, who has lived eight years in Southern California, and Miss Beatrice Harraden, who has lived there two and a half years. The latter's contribution to the work is slight, consisting of two somewhat unrelated chapters on Southern California in general and on "Out-door Life for Women," which are well worth reading. The more substantial and scientific portions—those dealing with questions of climate and health, as well as with many practical considerations of vital concern to invalids and others looking toward Southern California as a refuge or a home—are contributed by Dr. Edwards. The facts regarding climate, evenness of temperature, etc., are very fully given, and supported by official tables; and the showing certainly appears to justify the highest opinion of this favored region. The offsets and drawbacks in the case seem to be presented with fairness, and with no attempt to hide or belittle whatever disadvantages may exist, and which in the nature of things may be expected to make even Southern California not quite an earthly Paradise. Tourists to California, or the many persons, sick or well, who are thinking of going there sometime, may read the book with interest and profit.

Some recent ecclesiastical bibliography.

From the number of volumes on one or another phase of the history of the Christian Church, one would suppose that department of literature already full to overflowing. It seems odd, therefore, to find a new volume in this well-worked field put forward for the

purpose of supplying "an urgent need for a popular history of the Christian Church for English-speaking Protestants." The Rev. George H. Dryer, D.D., the author of "History of the Christian Church" (Curts & Jennings), evidently intends that stress shall be laid upon the word "popular"; his attempt is to provide a history to be read by young people's societies and to find a place in Sunday school and home libraries. In expressly addressing Protestants, Dr. Dryer's success in popularizing Church history must be looked for among the former class.—The Rev. William Bright, D.D., who is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University at Oxford, has been an industrious and persistent writer of papers and reviews upon historical subjects, chiefly polemical. He has recently gathered up these articles, and other papers written for like purposes, and revised and expanded them into form for a volume, which receives the title of the first essay, "The Roman See in the Early Church" (Longmans). The volume contains, besides, papers on St. Ambrose and the Empire, Alexandria and Chalcedon, the Church and the "Barbarian" Invasion, the Celtic Church in the British Isles, and the English Church in the reign of Elizabeth. It is a valuable addition to a theological library.—Doubtless the intention of the Christian Literature Company, in their series of "Ten Epochs of Church History," is to popularize a knowledge of that department of historical study. In every other respect but this, a wise choice was made in assigning the "Epoch of the Ecumenical Councils" to the Rev. William P. Du Bose, S.T.D., of the University of the South. The subject is treated by him from its philosophical side,—its Christology, as he calls it. The book is likely to have a wide reading among theologians, and may be found provocative of some controversy.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The lives of Richelieu and Philip Augustus, in the "Foreign Statesmen Series" (Macmillan), are timely biographies. Everyone is ready again to read of the great cardinal who "made his master the first man in Europe but the second man in France," so that Mr. Lodge's book is justified of its appearance. The same remark is applicable to Mr. Hutton's "Philip Augustus," although for a precisely opposite reason. It is worth while to read of Richelieu because he is so well-known; it is worth while to read of Philip II. because he is not familiar—at least to English readers.

Prof. Israel Abraham's point of view in "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages" (Macmillan) makes his exhaustive study of the structure of mediæval society among the Jews remarkably profitable reading. His thesis is that civilization is responsible for the Jew as seen to-day; that the Ghetto transformed him. He shows that in the early mediæval epoch the Jew was a creature of considerable privilege and showed a tendency to cast in his lot with the life of the new nations then in process of formation. But the intolerance of the Church from the twelfth century onward, and the avarice of the strong monarchies which had grown up in France and England,

finally drove him to defensive organization. He became a pariah in society; and the Ghetto, with its intricate combination of social, economic, and religious elements, was the result, out of which, as out of a crucible, the Jew came forth a different creature.

The recent publication of the Gibbon manuscripts has directed some attention to the woman whose skill did so much to fashion (and to mar, as Mr. Frederic Harrison thinks) the autobiography of the historian in the form that it has hitherto had. This fact gives a certain timelessness to "The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd" (Longmans), a handsome volume made up, for the most part, of letters written by that brilliant woman during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

Sir Joseph D. Hooker has done a piece of good service to the history of modern science in editing the "Journal of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks" (Macmillan). Banks was the companion of Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook in his first voyage round the world (1768-71), and his journal is of great interest, even to readers of the present day. It emphasizes, as the editor remarks, the position of Banks as "the pioneer of those naturalist voyagers of later years, of whom Darwin is the great example." The volume is printed in handsome, almost sumptuous, library style.

Recent English texts include three numbers of the "Riverside" series (Houghton), all edited by Professor W. P. Trent, and containing, respectively, Macaulay's essay on Milton, Addison, and Johnson and Goldsmith. Professor Trent's work is always well done, and we cannot recommend these books too highly. Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co. publish texts of "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," both edited by Dr. Homer B. Sprague. "Macbeth," edited by Dr. John M. Manly, is a volume in the series of Longmans' "English Classics." Messrs. Allyn & Bacon publish "As You Like It," edited by Mr. Samuel Thurber. Finally, we may mention a pamphlet of helpful "Analytic Questions" on "Julius Cæsar," by Professor L. A. Sherman, published in Lincoln, Nebraska, by Mr. J. H. Miller.

The volumes that have thus far been issued in the little series of "Temple Classics" (Macmillan) are as dainty and charming specimens of bookmaking as could well be imagined. Paper, typography, and binding are all in the best of taste; and the editing, under the general supervision of Mr. Israel Gollancz, is judicious and unobtrusive. Southey's *Life of Nelson*, Wordsworth's *Prelude*, Browne's *Religio Medici*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, and Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, have already appeared in the series; and Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Bacon's *Essays*, and Florio's *Montaigne* in six volumes, are promised for early publication. The low price and general excellence of this series should make it even more popular than the "Temple Shakespeare," which has enjoyed a sale of over half a million copies.

A beautiful specimen of Japanese book-making, and at the same time a work of considerable literary interest, comes to us from Tokyo, under the title "Poetical Greetings from the Far East." The book is a small anthology of Japanese poetry, originally a German adaptation made by Professor Karl Florenz and now translated into English by Mr. A. Lloyd. The printing is on delicately tinted crêpe paper, and each page is embellished with drawings by native Japanese artists. These designs are reproduced in colors, so beautifully printed as to have the appearance of being painted by hand. T. Hasegawa, of Tokyo, Japan, is the printer and publisher of this interesting and artistic little volume.

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor C. G. D. Roberts has taken up his residence in New York, and associated himself with the editorial management of "The Illustrated American."

Freytag's library, comprising over seven thousand volumes on the history of civilization in Germany, has been secured for the Frankfurt Public Library.

The Open Court Publishing Co. have brought out a translation, by Mr. O. W. Weyer, of Richard Wagner's interesting novelette, "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven."

Mr. Henry N. Ellacombe's "The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare" is now published in a handsomely illustrated new edition by Edward Arnold.

The American students in Berlin arranged a Lowell anniversary celebration for the nineteenth of last month. Ambassador Uhl presided, and the programme included addresses by Dr. Alois Brandl and Professor James T. Hatfield.

Mr. Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Florence" (Harper) is the fifth volume in a well-known series of pleasant books descriptive of the haunts of famous people. Dante, Savonarola, Galileo, Landor, and the Brownings are its principal figures in this volume.

The publication of "Modern Art," which for the past two years has been issued by Messrs. L. Prang & Co. of Boston, has passed into the hands of Mr. J. M. Bowles, who has been the editor of this excellent periodical from the beginning. Boston will continue to be the place of publication.

Mr. James Lane Allen's long-expected novel, "The Choir Invisible," will be published this month by the Macmillan Co. Mr. Allen will be in Chicago, as the guest of the Twentieth Century Club, on the sixth of March, and will read a paper entitled "Seven Waves of Literature."

"A Previous Engagement," a comedy by Mr. W. D. Howells, and "Six Cups of Chocolate," "freely Englished" by Miss Edith Matthews from the German of Herr Schmithöf, are two numbers of a new pamphlet series of drawing-room plays published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

"The Yellow Book" for January opens with a poem by Mr. William Watson, and continues with contributions by Mr. Henry James, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Miss Evelyn Sharp, Dr. Richard Garnett, and other good writers. The "art" of this volume is varied, but not particularly striking.

Dr. W. H. Tolman, Secretary of a Mayor's Committee of New York City, has issued an admirable "Report on Public Baths and Public Comfort Stations." He gives the history of the movement to establish and maintain public bath-houses, laundries, lavatories, and comfort stations, in Europe and at home. The report should be in every public library, and in the hands of advocates of sanitation and morality in towns.

No more fitting memorial of a great scholar could possibly be planned than the library which it is proposed to place in the English Department of Harvard University in honor of the late Professor Child. Subscriptions to the amount of nearly ten thousand dollars for the endowment of this Library have already been received, and the amount should be materially increased. Only the income of the endowment will be expended for the purchase of books. Mr. J. H. Gardiner, Cambridge, will be glad to receive gifts of either money or books for this worthy object.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1897.

African Great Black Nation, Last of an. P. Bigelow. *Harper*.
 Arbitration Treaty, The. John Fiske. *Atlantic*.
 Arbitration Treaty. F. R. Coudert and T. S. Woolsey. *Forum*.
 Arditi, Luigi, Memoirs of. Grace J. Clarke. *Dial*.
 Astronomical Progress of Century. H. S. Williams. *Harper*.
 Banderium of Hungary, The. R. H. Davis. *Scribner*.
 British Museum Manuscript-Room, The. Lippincott.
 Church, The, Past and Present. Ira M. Price. *Dial*.
 Classics, Rational Study of the. Irving Babbitt. *Atlantic*.
 Cleveland and the Senate. James Schouler. *Forum*.
 Cleveland as President. Woodrow Wilson. *Atlantic*.
 Congressional Library, The. A. R. Spofford. *Century*.
 Congressional Library, The New, Decorations in. *Century*.
 Deserts of Southeast California. J. E. Bennett. *Lippincott*.
 Digby, Sir Kenelm. Percy F. Bicknell. *Dial*.
 England's Industrial Supremacy. S. N. D. North. *Forum*.
 Europe, Modern, Development of. J. W. Thompson. *Dial*.
 Factory, Business of a. P. G. Hubert, Jr. *Scribner*.
 Farming under Glass. G. E. Walsh. *Lippincott*.
 Fiction, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Fisheries, New England Deep-Sea, Decadence of. *Harper*.
 Gage, Lyman J. Moses P. Handy. *Review of Reviews*.
 Gibbon, New Letters of. Frederic Harrison. *Forum*.
 Giving, Large, Art of. George Iles. *Century*.
 Grant, Campaigning with. Horace Porter. *Century*.
 Greece, American Excavations in. J. Gennadius. *Forum*.
 Greece, Modern. John Stuart Blackie. *Forum*.
 Inauguration Scenes and Incidents. J. B. Bishop. *Century*.
 Indians, Naming the. Frank Terry. *Review of Reviews*.
 Kansas, Present and Future of. W. A. White. *Forum*.
 Kipling as a Poet. W. D. Howells. *McClure*.
 Legislative Shortcomings. Francis C. Lowell. *Atlantic*.
 Letters, Good, Some Writers of. R. Cortisoz. *Century*.
 Literature, The Revaluation of. *Dial*.
 Literary History, Curiosities of. *Dial*.
 Lithograph, Master of the. E. R. Pennell. *Scribner*.
 London. C. D. Gibson. *Scribner*.
 Marquand, Henry G. E. A. Alexander. *Harper*.
 Medical and Surgical Triumphs, Recent. G. F. Shradly. *Forum*.
 Mexico of To-day. Charles F. Lummis. *Harper*.
 Naval War, Preparedness for. A. T. Mahan. *Harper*.
 Nelson at Trafalgar. A. T. Mahan. *Century*.
 Normal Times, What Are? E. V. Smalley. *Forum*.
 Pennsylvania Surnames, Origin of. L. O. Kuhns. *Lippincott*.
 President, Official Cares of a. C. C. Buel. *Century*.
 Stage, Modern Appreciations of the. *Dial*.
 Taxation. Perry Belmont. *Forum*.
 Telegraphing without Wires. *McClure*.
 Torrey Bankrupt Bill, The. Jay L. Torrey. *Forum*.
 Travel, The Art of. L. M. Iddings. *Scribner*.
 Trusts, Good and Evil of. A. T. Hadley. *Atlantic*.
 Vanity, Innocuous. Ellen Duvall. *Lippincott*.
 Venus and Recent Discoveries. Percival Lowell. *Atlantic*.
 Victoria's Reign. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 28 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare. By Henry N. Ellacombe, M.A. New edition; illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 383. Edward Arnold. \$3.50.
 An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit. By George Meredith. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 99. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 The Thackerays in India, and Some Calcutta Graves. By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 191. Henry Frowde. \$1.
 At Random: Essays and Stories. By L. F. Austin. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 263. Ward, Lock & Co. \$1.25.

Poetical Greetings from the Far East: Japanese Poems. From the German Adaptation of Dr. Karl Florent by A. Lloyd, M.A. Illus. in colors, 12mo, pp. 98. Tokyo, Japan: Printed and published by T. Hasegawa.

A Previous Engagement: A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Illus., 18mo, uncut, pp. 65. Harper & Bros. Paper, 60c.
 Six Oups of Chocolate: A Piece of Gossip in One Act. Freely Englished from a Kaffeeklatsch of E. Schmithof by Edith V. B. Mathews. 18mo, uncut, pp. 32. Harper & Bros. Paper, 25 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling. "Outward Bound" edition. Vol. I., Plain Tales from the Hills; Vol. II., Soldiers Three, and Military Tales. Each illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., \$2. (Sold only by subscription.)

HISTORY.

A Diplomat in London: Letters and Notes, 1871-1877. Trans. from the French of Charles Gavard. 12mo, pp. 328. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Martin Luther. By Gustav Freytag; trans. by Henry E. O. Heinemann. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 130. Open Court Pub'g Co. \$1.

POETRY.

Hymns and Sonnets. By Eliza Scudder. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 54. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
 The Priest's Temptation. By Ed Porter Thompson. Illus., 16mo, pp. 91. Louisville: Lewis N. Thompson & Co.

FICTION.

The Spoils of Poynton. By Henry James. 12mo, uncut, pp. 323. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
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